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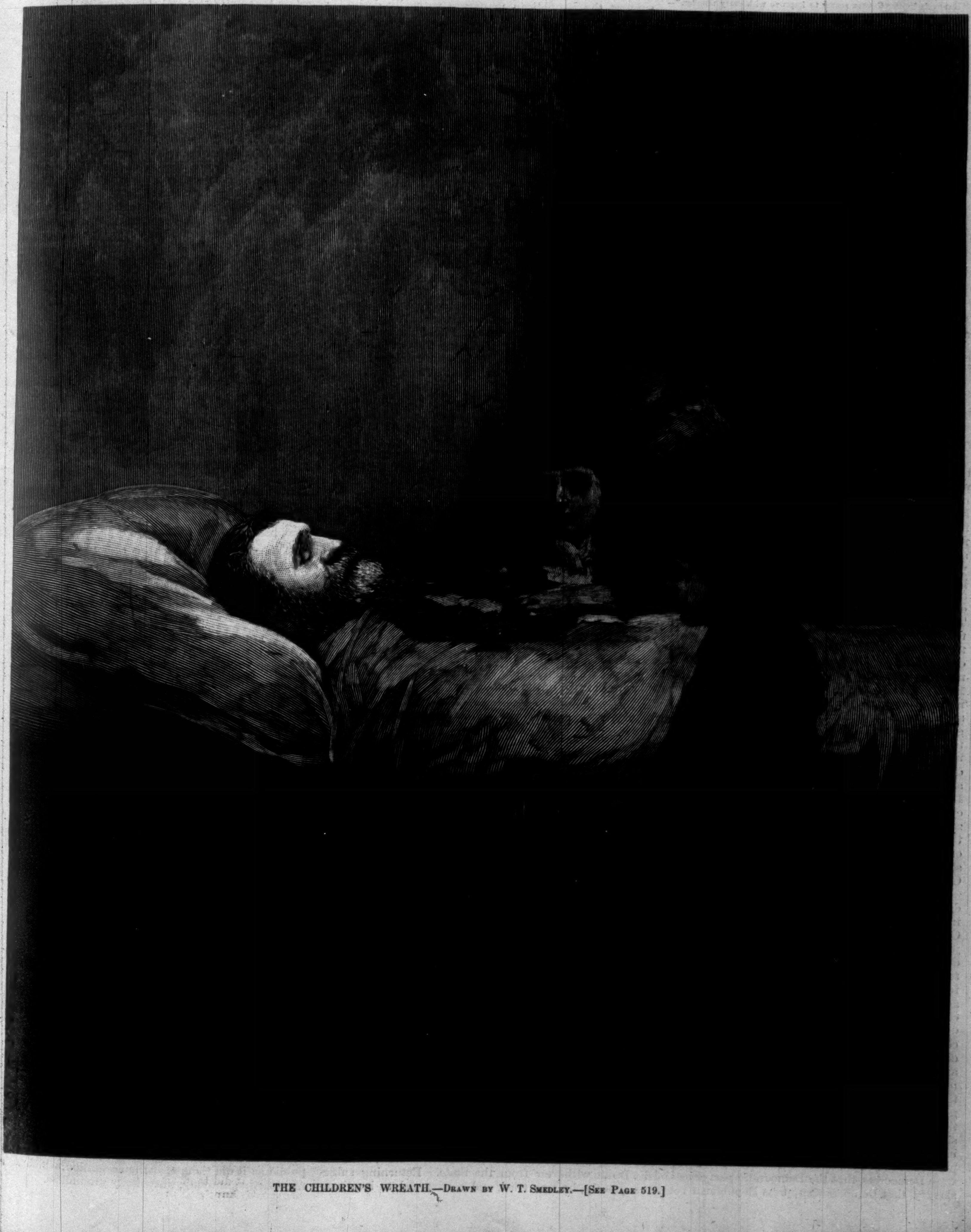

THE CHILDREN'S WREATH.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 519.]

FRAUD.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Young People, at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of Harper & Brothers.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

Three favorite authors contribute fiction to the current number, namely, John Habberton, *author of "Helen's Babies," etc.,* David Ker, *and* Jimmy Brown.

Mr. Habberton's *story is an incident of war times, entitled "A Relic-Hunter's Strange Experience."* Jimmy Brown *relates in his usual naïve style his sister's experience in learning to skate on rollers.*

The principal illustration in this number is a view of

"THE CHILDREN'S BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND,"

drawn by Jessie Shepherd.

Colonel Thomas A. Knox *has an article on "Pet Dogs and Their Treatment," with two illustrations,* Miss Sarah Cooper *contributes an article on "Mussels and Pectens," and* Miss Agnes Carr Sage *discourses pleasantly about "Young People of the Olden Time."*

The First Part of a Fairy Story, entitled "Violet," by Walter Bobbett, *appears in this number, with illustrations by the author.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 8, 1885.

☞ *An* Illustrated Supplement of Four Pages *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

The death of General Grant, the lofty and generous tone of all his last expressions in regard to the relation of the States which were mutually opposed in the civil war, and the patriotic and magnanimous spirit shown upon the occasion of his death by his old antagonists in the field, together with the profound conviction among old Republicans and Union men that the common interests of all the States and of all citizens of every color require a policy in harmony with the changed situation of the country, may well persuade the Republican party to doubt the patriotism and justice and expediency of attempting to carry the election by raising the old cries of twenty years ago. There are Republican papers which seem to think that they have proved a man to be a dangerous traitor and totally unfit for respect or confidence if they can show that he sympathized with the secession movement or bore arms against the government in 1861. If a partisan political postmaster is anywhere replaced by a man who wore the gray, the fact is stated as if the change had dealt a blow at popular government and liberty. But is it wise to undertake to maintain a party and to seek success at the polls upon the assumption that one-half of the whole body of American citizens are enemies of the government, and awaiting only an opportunity to overthrow it? If this theory be correct, how can the Republican policy be justified which restored to all the rights of citizenship—including that of an equal voice in making the laws—those who had borne arms against the government, and called into Republican cabinets and sent upon honorable foreign missions officers of the Confederate army, or "rebel brigadiers"?

That Democrats because they are Democrats are dangerous citizens is a rather ludicrous proposition in the light of the news of every morning. President Cleveland's letter to Mrs. Grant, the respectful adjournment of the Georgia Legislature when Grant's death was announced, the remark of the Mobile *Register*—a paper whose bitter hostility in the war is not forgotten—that Grant's triumph was for the South as well as for the North, the total failure of a Democratic administration to justify one of the serious doubts which were not unnaturally entertained of the consequences of the election of a Democratic President, the universal consciousness that the country and government are as secure now as they have been under Republican administration, and the fact that the executive power of appointment and removal has never been exercised with such independence of partisan consideration as by the present Democratic President—these are all emphatic signs of a political situation which requires a different treatment from Republicans than the assertion that the "rebels" of 1861 were Democrats, that the Democratic party sustained slavery, that Democrats suppress Republican votes at certain polls in the Southern States, and that patriotism, progress, intelligence, and liberty are synonymous with Republicanism. This identification was indisputable twenty and twenty-five years ago, and there is still much reason in the allegation. But every intelligent Republican will admit that under the actual experiment of administration much of the old and justifiable distrust of the Democratic party is disappearing. There are younger men and newer influences at work in that party, and, on the other hand, there was a strong drift of some of the worst Democratic elements into the Republican party last year. It was the best part of the Democratic party which most warmly supported Mr. Cleveland. It was its worst part which openly voted for Mr. Blaine, or aided him by supporting Butler, or sullenly sustained the regular nomination. These are facts which are perceived and pondered by the very voters whose support the Republican managers naturally desire. But the reasons for believing the Republican party to be synonymous with patriotism and progress are not shown by many of those who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the speeches at the Logan banquet in Boston, nor in the election of Mr. Quay as the distinctive representative of Pennsylvania Republicanism, nor in the speeches of the Republican candidate for Governor in Ohio.

Nor is that identification of Republicanism with progress, intelligence, and political reform illustrated by the suggestion that a Republican candidate shall be selected in New York who can retain the Irish Catholic vote, and secure the liquor vote, and that Independent Republicans shall be insulted and expelled from the party. Independent Republicans can be neither admitted to the party nor expelled from it. Their action depends wholly upon their own free choice. They gave the State of New York, and thereby the election, to Mr. Cleveland. His course has not "betrayed" nor disappointed them. They are not disposed, so far as we know, to do anything or to cast their votes in a manner to discredit or disappoint so upright and courageous a civil service reformer, which, despite Higgins and many mistakes, they still hold him to be. So far as we know, not being Democrats, they will not vote for a candidate simply because he is a Democrat, and having refused last year to support a Republican candidate for the Presidency whom they held to be unfit, they are not likely this year to vote for an unfit candidate for Governor. A Republican platform in harmony with the expressions of General Grant to General Buckner, and with the remarkable paper written by him to Dr. Douglas on the 2d of July—a platform which fronts to-day and not yesterday—and a Republican candidate who is not selected for Catholic or liquor support, but because he is as honest a civil service reformer as President Cleveland, and a genuine representative of the progressive and patriotic intelligence of Republicans, would probably command the Independent Republican vote. But a platform of war cries and a candidate like Mr. Quay would certainly inspire neither their respect nor support. If the New York nominations by the two parties should offer a mere choice between the parties, without any other significance, and with platforms of ordinary mutual recrimination, we should anticipate great indifference among Independent voters in New York, and in consideration of the President's excellent course, we should think that in that case the chances were in favor of the Democrats.

A FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION.

A very interesting and valuable pamphlet upon "the methods of changing the Constitutions of the States, especially that of Rhode Island," has been recently issued, and although no name of author or compiler appears, it is known to be the work of ex-Chief Justice Bradley, of Rhode Island. It has a peculiar historical value as a very clear and forcible statement of the principles involved in the controversy which culminated in "the Dorr war" in Rhode Island forty-three years ago, and the trial and sentence of Mr. Dorr for treason. That controversy turned upon a question of vital importance to this country, namely, the manner in which the sovereign people of a State may lawfully change their Constitution. Mr. Dorr, a gentleman of the highest personal character and social standing in Rhode Island, a student of political science and of American politics, held that as sovereignty was inherent and inalienable in the people, the majority at any time, and without authority of any law, could adopt a Constitution, which by that act would become the supreme law of the State, and that this proceeding would not be revolutionary, but in strict conformity to the fundamental principles of American government.

In consequence of public action taken in harmony with this view, Mr. Dorr claimed to have been lawfully elected Governor of Rhode Island, and proceeded to enforce his claim with all the resources that he could command. The State was convulsed. The existing government invoked the aid of the United States. There was general military preparations on all sides. But the result was inevitable, and Mr. Dorr withdrew from the State. Returning subsequently, he was tried, and condemned to imprisonment for life. But after serving for a short time in the State-prison he was pardoned, and soon after died. He was a sincere and mistaken political enthusiast. But he was manly, upright, and courageous. The question involved in the contest was submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, which held unanimously, in accordance with the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, that the question of the validity of a Constitution was political, and not judicial, and therefore to be determined by the Legislature, and not by the courts—a decision which disposed of the particular case submitted. But in his argument upon the case Mr. Webster declared, in opposition to the theory of Mr. Dorr, that there was "one uniform current of law, of precedent, and of practice all going to establish the point that changes in government are to be brought about by the will of the people assembled under such legislative provisions as may be necessary to ascertain that will truly and authentically."

It follows that even if a State Constitution provides only one method for its own amendment, that specific provision does not exclude an act of ordinary legislation submitting to the people the question of a convention, and providing for its election if the people desire. In a very interesting summary Judge Bradley shows that this has been, in fact, the usual course pursued in this country, whether the State Constitution expressly authorized it or not. Indeed, it was upon an opinion of the judges of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island that the specific provision of amendment excluded the convention method that the discussion has arisen to which we owe the admirable pamphlet of Judge Bradley. Shay's rebellion and the whiskey insurrection both found their historian. But the much more significant and interesting event, the Dorr war, still awaits its chronicler, and in the mean time the essence of the controversy is presented nowhere more clearly and forcibly than in this pamphlet.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The charge of plagiarism was recently renewed against President Adams, of the University of Michigan, who has just been elected to the Presidency of Cornell University. It is too serious a matter to be evaded, and no friend of the university and no New-Yorker who has the honor of the educational system of the State at heart should be content with silence. We are very glad, therefore, to be able to recur to the views of the Weekly published in July, 1875, referring to the prompt and conclusive reply and explanation of Professor Adams to the elaborate charge which was then first published, and which was so fairly and effectively disposed of by him that it did not affect his reputation in the least degree, and, so far as we are aware, has never until now been reproduced:

"An elaborate charge of plagiarism against an author whose position and character create the strongest presumption against his dishonesty should not be made without scrupulous care; for, when unfounded, the injury done by the accusation can not be wholly repaired, and it is no compensation that the ignorance of the accuser may be exposed by the reply. A recent instance of hasty and injurious allegation of this kind was made by a correspondent of the *Nation* in regard to the *Democracy and Monarchy in France*, by Professor C. K. Adams, of Michigan University. As Mr. Adams is a professor of history and a teacher of young men in one of the chief universities of the country, the charge was very serious, and he promptly and conclusively replied in the columns of the same paper. The chief point noticed was a singular similarity between Professor Adams's sketch of a work of Helvetius and one of the same work made by Buckle. The explanation is that both Mr. Adams and Buckle substantially translated a chapter of Helvetius, which is his own summary of his own work. Naturally, therefore, there is a striking resemblance in the two passages, as there would be, as Mr. Adams remarks, in two reports of the same speech. Moreover, an examination of all the works shows that Mr. Adams and Buckle translated from different editions of Helvetius, and that in stating a theory contained in a single chapter of eight pages both writers give fourteen different quotations, six of which are given by Buckle alone, five by Adams alone, and three by both.

"Professor Adams follows his censor step by step, and, as we think, most candidly and satisfactorily disposes of every cavil, one of which, and the last, is an admirable illustration of the scope of the whole attack. The correspondent of the *Nation* says, 'Not even Mr. Adams's title is original, for about three years ago Mr. H. Reeve published *Royal and Republican France*, a work of precisely the same character.' The writer would seem to have counted upon the ignorance of his readers. This accusation of a plagiarized title can be tested by supposing that Mr. Green should be charged with want of originality in calling his late admirable work *A Short History of the English People*, since Macaulay had already published his *History of England*. And how could Macaulay have settled it with Hume, whose entire title he appropriated? But not only had not Professor Adams seen the work of Mr. Reeve, but the work itself is essentially different from his own, being a collection of various articles upon French subjects published in the English reviews during the last thirty years. The fact seems to be that somebody who had either lately read or who freshly remembered Buckle and Lanfrey took up the book of Professor Adams, and recognizing a similar strain, could think of no other explanation than deliberate dishonesty. It is to be hoped that he will be a little more careful hereafter before making allegations which, under the circumstances, are none the less injurious because they take the form of inquiry."

This matter was fully known and thoroughly considered by President White and the trustees of Cornell University, who would consider nothing but the highest interests of the university, and the completeness and simplicity of the explanation will satisfy the public as it did them that the accusation, which was necessarily annoying, was wholly groundless.

LEASING CONVICT LABOR.

THE Charleston *News and Courier* condemns the system of leasing convict labor in South Carolina, and in the Georgia Legislature a member denounces the similar system in that State as "an epitomized hell, a disgrace to the State, and a foul blot on her escutcheon." There is great indignation expressed in Georgia with Governor McDANIELL, who has recently dismissed charges against State Senator JAMES M. SMITH, a large lessee of convict labor, and the feeling will doubtless lead to a change in that wretched system. The details are made public of the startling case of a gang employed upon the Savannah Valley Railway. It was composed of 103 men, and in a little more than a month ten of the gang died. At this rate the whole number would have died in a year, and an investigation revealed the most inhuman treatment of the convicts. The *News and Courier*, commenting upon the revelation, evades nothing. It says plainly, "Those who allow this horrible system, this worse than Siberian system, to continue, will be responsible for every death that occurs."

In some parts of New England there is, or there was until very recently, a practice of "farming out" the care of harmless insane paupers. This is another form of the same abuse of the public shirking of a public duty. It is an effort to save a little money at any cost of humanity and decency. The details of the outrages perpetrated upon the chain-gang of railway laborers in South Carolina are revolting, and the *News and Courier* justly lays the responsibility upon the public. The convict laborers were chained by a band around the body connected with one about the ankles. They were fed upon bad food; they slept upon filthy straw; they were roused at three o'clock in the morning, and driven to work until eight in the evening, and they were frequently flogged. This was not only in itself horribly inhuman, but it was illegal. It was the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment which every civilized code forbids. The law of South Carolina does not authorize the starvation and torture of convicts, and the overseer JACKSON, who was the man guilty of these crimes, is as odious as the overseer Legree.

The system of leased convict labor is as much behind the age as noisome and unhealthy prisons. The just demand of an enlightened community is that criminals of every degree shall still be treated as men, not as brutes, and that vengeance and torture shall not be the objects of punishment. It is stated that there is less feeling in the Southern States about the treatment of convicts because so large a proportion of them are colored. If this were true, the shame would be even greater. But the tone of many of the journals, and the hearty and generous indignation of the immediate community both in Georgia and South Carolina at the recent disclosures, show the existence of a sound and vigorous public opinion which will correct so disgraceful and inhuman a wrong.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

NOTHING could show more plainly the moral reunion of the country than the tone of Southern feeling as revealed in the remarks upon the death of General GRANT. The *Daily Register*, in Columbia, South Carolina, says:

"The death of General GRANT will be honestly felt as a national affliction all over the wide Union, without reference to section or party. . . . We at the South will ever believe that if General GRANT had followed his own natural instincts, it would have been reserved for no other man to bridge the bloody chasm."

The Montgomery *Advertiser* (Alabama) says:

"Looking at the life and character of General GRANT from the broadest national stand-point, it is true to say that no man since WASHINGTON has better illustrated the genius of American institutions or the temper of Americans as a people."

And the Mobile *Register* says:

"The South unites with the North in paying tribute to his memory. He saved the Union. For this triumph—and time has shown it to be a triumph for the South as well as the North—he is entitled to, and will receive, the grateful tribute of the millions who in the course of time will crowd this continent with a hundred imperial States, and spread to the world the blessings of republican freedom."

Such generous feeling and expression so soon after a tremendous civil war are wholly without precedent. That he belongs to a nation capable of such magnanimity is a just cause of pride for every American, and the feeling is all the more striking and honorable because it does not imply the least desire that there should be any diminution of anything that was gained by the war. The questions which the war left for subsequent settlement can be settled wisely and conclusively only in the spirit on both sides which is evinced in such expressions as we have quoted.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

A RECENT number of *The American*, in Philadelphia, contained a very graceful and appreciative notice of the volume just issued of the life and letters of CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. BROOKS was for many years the pastor of the Unitarian church there which Dr. CHANNING dedicated with one of his famous discourses a half-century ago, and he was a worthy disciple of that spiritual master, for he was one of the purest, most child-like, devoted, and accomplished of men.

He was a classmate of JOHN S. DWIGHT and other noted men who were young at the time of the Transcendental awakening in New England. But it affected Mr. BROOKS rather as a literary than a religious influence, and although a man of the most catholic sympathy, and, as became a minister in ROGER WILLIAMS'S own State, always an apostle of "soul liberty," his religious views and position were never disturbed, and he remained the active pastor of his society until his feeble health compelled his retirement.

The notice in *The American* justly compares Mr. BROOKS'S simplicity of life and his single-heartedness to those of GOLDSMITH'S Vicar of Wakefield. And in his daily walk, as in his pulpit, he recalled no less the village preacher of GOLDSMITH'S poem who

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Mr. BROOKS was the most industrious of literary workmen, especially as a translator from the German, and he wrote much pleasing and tender verse himself, which showed his poetic feeling and facility. But he followed his own refined taste more than the public appetite in his selections for translations, so that, as his Philadelphia friend well says, his literary labors made him "not famous, but deserving fame for his contributions to the world's slender stock of good books, and for making known to English readers the best thoughts of the best minds of German and other foreign tongues." The careful selections from his own verses and letters, and the delicately sympathetic memoir, give the reader the most truthful, characteristic, and charming impression of this singularly unworldly man.

THE STEAM-WHISTLE NUISANCE.

WE alluded, a few weeks since, to the protest of ex-Governor CORNELL against the nuisance of railroad whistling. Dr. ST. JOHN ROOSA, a distinguished physician in the city, has also borne his protest. The Railroad Commissioners in Massachusetts have taken action upon the subject, and we respectfully suggest to the Railroad Commissioners in New York that the subject is worthy of their attention. It is a question not only of the public comfort, which is very important, but of the public health.

It is some years since the managers of the Boston and Albany Railroad, we believe without any authoritative order, and by their own good sense, stopped the promiscuous and pernicious shrieking of their locomotives, restricting the whistle to use as a danger signal only. It appears that accidents have not increased in consequence, and the law now enforces the prohibition. The citizens of Lawrence, in Massachusetts, have recently petitioned the Commissioners to restrain railroad whistling in that city, and the Commissioners recommend the discontinuance of the whistle as an ordinary signal of communication, because it is a great and unnecessary annoyance to the public.

In a great city the same restriction might be wisely laid upon the signal whistling of factories, which is an unspeakable disturbance in a crowded neighborhood. The community has some rights as against individual interference, and it must protect itself. The Railroad Commissioners may well begin the reform by recommending the prohibition by law of indiscriminate steam-shrieking upon railways.

APPLES OF GOLD.

IN one of his veto messages as Mayor of Buffalo, Mr. CLEVELAND made some excellent remarks which aptly characterized the methods of partisan organs. The supposed necessity of insisting that everything done by one party is right and everything done by the other party wrong reduces speakers and newspapers to very sorry plights. A man may support a party honestly and effectively without holding that every member of an opposing party is a traitor and scoundrel, and that all its acts are inspired by a mean and malicious purpose.

Every honest Republican will frankly admit that however sincerely he may have opposed the election of Mr. CLEVELAND from distrust of Mr. CLEVELAND'S party, the consequences of Democratic success have not been so direful as he apprehended. Such Republicans will concede the truth of Mr. CLEVELAND'S remarks, which, although intended for a specific case in Buffalo, are applicable to the general methods of party controversy.

"But clumsy appeals to prejudice or passion, insinuations, with a kind of low cheap cunning, as to the motives and purposes of others, and the mock-heroism of brazen effrontery which openly declares that a wholesome public sentiment is to be set at naught, sometimes deceives, and leads honest men to aid in the consummation of schemes which, if exposed, they would look upon with abhorrence."

THE UNIVERSAL FEELING.

AMONG the many pleasant and significant incidents in the universal expression of grief and respect for General GRANT is the memorial paper read at the meeting of the Chicago bar. The meeting was attended by the most eminent lawyers of the city and by Judge GRESHAM. The sub-committee to prepare the memorial was composed of ex-Senators DOOLITTLE and TRUMBULL and the Hon. M. W. FULLER, all of whom were opposed to his civil administration. But the paper which they presented was a glowing and eloquent tribute to the patriotic character and services of the General, and a frank recognition that in the memory of his illustrious and magnanimous military career "political asperities and animosities are forgotten."

THE AMERICAN CATALOGUE.

A WORK in which it is possible to find the titles of all the books recently issued or now in print in America is a book whose unique value to all libraries, students, booksellers, book-buyers, and readers can not be overstated. Yet this is the truthful description of the great *American Catalogue*, a work which was designed, and completed to the year 1876, by the late FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, the eminent bibliographer, and which has now been brought down to the year 1884 by Mr. R. R. BOWKER, his former associate and his successor.

The whole work, now in two quarto volumes, contains, under the author's name or the title, a list of all the books published or imported in editions in this country during the period named. There are lists also, not before made, of government publications, of literary and scientific societies issuing publications, and of books published in series. The government list covers only the period from the close of the list ordered by the government and edited by Mr. BEN PERLEY POORE, which is now printing, but it shows clearly the various series of government issues.

Mr. LEYPOLDT'S design contemplated the issue of continuous volumes at intervals of about five years, and it is a remarkable good fortune that his associate and successor had the skill and the devotion to continue his work, whose importance is such that it will be hardly permitted to lapse. The special knowledge, the industry, and the accuracy required in the preparation of such a manual are very great, and the successful completion of the book to the present time is an important event in our literary annals.

PERSONAL.

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, while receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford a few weeks ago, listened to a eulogy in Latin, which spoke of him as a preacher to a congregation consisting largely of men of culture and education, and as an eloquent expounder of the true Catholic faith at Harvard University.

—Judge STALLO, the new American Minister to Italy, said recently to a friend in this city that, having seen all the correspondence between Minister KEILY and the State Department, he was satisfied that Mr. KEILY "had behaved remarkably well" during the entire unpleasantness that has grown out of his diplomatic relations.

—Madame GERSTER'S second daughter was born a few weeks ago, and christened BERTA.

—The remarkable library of the late Dr. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, described in this journal at the time of his death, has been bequeathed to his son, Dr. WENDELL PRIME.

—Professor JOHN TYNDALL, who contributed every dollar of the profits of his course of lectures in this country in 1872 to the establishment of scholarships in physical science, is by no means a rich man. He lives in much simplicity with his second wife on the top floor of the Royal Institution Building, and has no children. Mrs. TYNDALL is the daughter of a peer. Scores of professional men in this city would consider Professor TYNDALL'S style of living very straitened, but no scholar ever cared less for money than he.

—The late Rev. Dr. OSGOOD'S summer home near Bridgeport, Connecticut, is in the midst of rocks, and his favorite amusement was to carve upon them with his own hand the names of the authors whom he most admired, together with quotations from their works. Among the authors so treated are HOMER, DANTE, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, WORDSWORTH, GOETHE, EMERSON, and BRYANT. In one part of the grounds appear sentences from the Bible, such as "God is love" and "Blessed are the pure in heart," and near them the visitor sees a pulpit made of three stones. Dr. OSGOOD was for many years the pastor of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) in this city.

—FRANZ LISZT, the composer, now about seventy-two years old, draws a regular salary as chamberlain at the Grand Ducal Court at Weimar, which enables him to live in modest comfort, but exacts no work. The pupil of BEETHOVEN, the teacher of RUBINSTEIN, and the father-in-law of RICHARD WAGNER, and the admired of the entire musical world, he is still surrounded by enthusiastic learners, who, especially at his tri-weekly receptions, put themselves to much inconvenience for tokens of his favor. LISZT never takes pay for instruction in music.

—Pope LEO has sent to the Queen of Spain an alleged piece of the true cross, and to her two daughters other ecclesiastical relics of interest.

—The Duke of Argyll has made a famous speech, charging Mr. GLADSTONE'S cabinet with a long series of errors, and asserting that independent politicians are more respected than "men who go down on their hands and knees and grovel with their heads in the dust before the sovereign mob, promising to do whatever it bids them."

—The Rose, or Maidens', Ball, in London was very successful. Each maiden paid twenty-five dollars, and received thereby the privilege of inviting five gentlemen. The wall-flowers were exclusively of the masculine gender.

—Many Americans who have been delighted on Sundays by Canon LIDDON'S pulpit oratory in St. Paul's Cathedral will regret to learn that the eloquent preacher's health is precarious, and that his physicians have advised him to stay on the Continent the next two months. The announcement of a sermon by Dr. LIDDON has long been sufficient to fill the cathedral to overflowing.

—Mr. GLADSTONE (writes Mr. LABOUCHERE) had no bed of roses during his tenure of office. At court he was not a *persona grata*, and no opportunity was lost to snub him. "The people will have to decide in November whether they approve of this persistent and indirect opposition to the man of their choice."

—SARAH BERNHARDT'S voice, like CAMPANINI'S, is but the worn ghost of its former self, and the cause, in each instance, is too protracted use. But the actress's throat, unlike the great tenor's, is not the victim of our treacherous American climate.

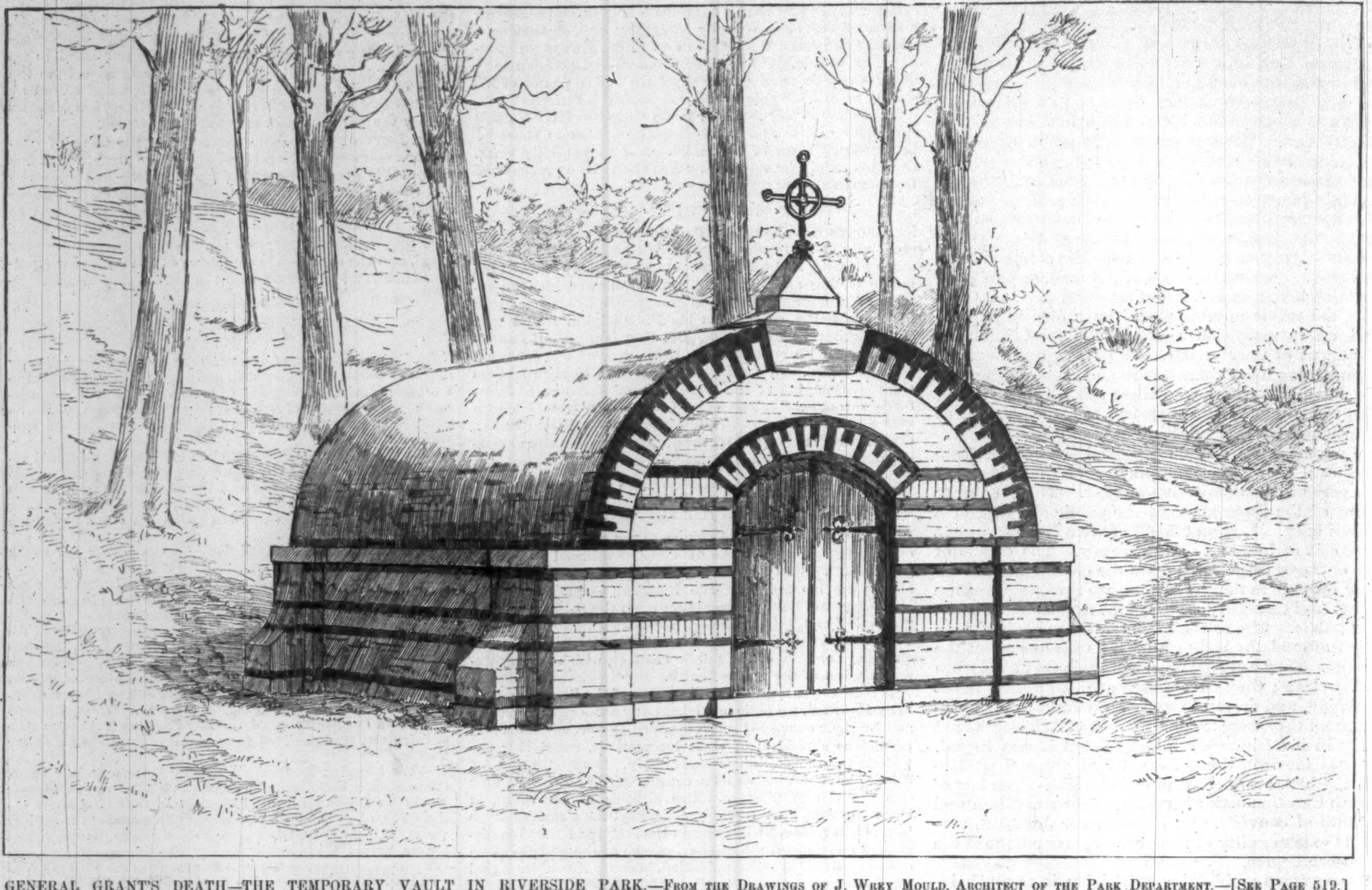
—Prince ALBERT VICTOR, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is expected to visit Canada after his present course of military training.

—The Hon. HAROLD FINCH-HATTON gives this advice to those visiting the colony of Victoria, in Australia: "If you enter into conversation with a respectable-looking individual to whom you are a stranger, on no account ask him if he is a member of the Legislature. You can not offer him a greater insult."

—A few days ago Mr. GLADSTONE drove into London on business, and stopped at a bookseller's store in the Edgware Road. His entrance was discovered, and when he had effected his purchase, a crowd of 3000 enthusiastic admirers had assembled to greet him. The police cleared a passage for him, and he rode off in a friend's carriage amid rousing cheers.

—The priests of Thibet are offended because the people have a respect for Queen VICTORIA'S rule in India and a desire for increased communication with that country. To repress these emotions they tell them that her Majesty is an incarnation of the terrible Mag-jor-gyamo, the god of war.

—Agent McGILLICUDDY, of the Pine Ridge Reservation, in southern Dakotah, has a well-organized force of policemen, consisting of young Indian braves selected from the various bands and brightly uniformed. He has complete confidence in them, and they have proved faithful to him in all his troubles with the tribes under his control. They receive about sixty dollars a month, and through them he is kept informed of any projected uprising or raid of the Indians. A correspondent of this journal, who has just returned from a visit to that region, writes that the protection afforded the settlers by Forts Niobrara and Robinson would be of little avail were it not for the prompt and thorough information as to contemplated hostile movements by Indians given to Mr. McGILLICUDDY through his police, and that the settlers in northwestern Nebraska place their confidence in him more than in the United States troops that are stationed in the midst of them.

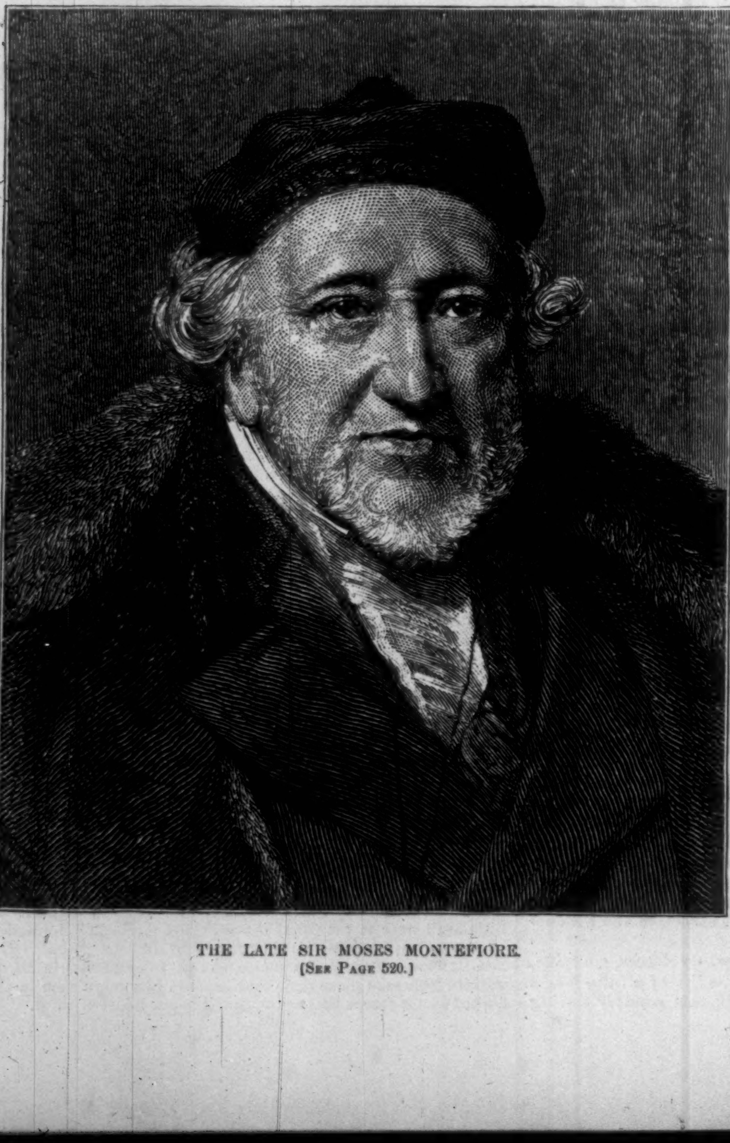


GENERAL GRANT'S DEATH—THE TEMPORARY VAULT IN RIVERSIDE PARK.—FROM THE DRAWINGS OF J. WREY MOULD, ARCHITECT OF THE PARK DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

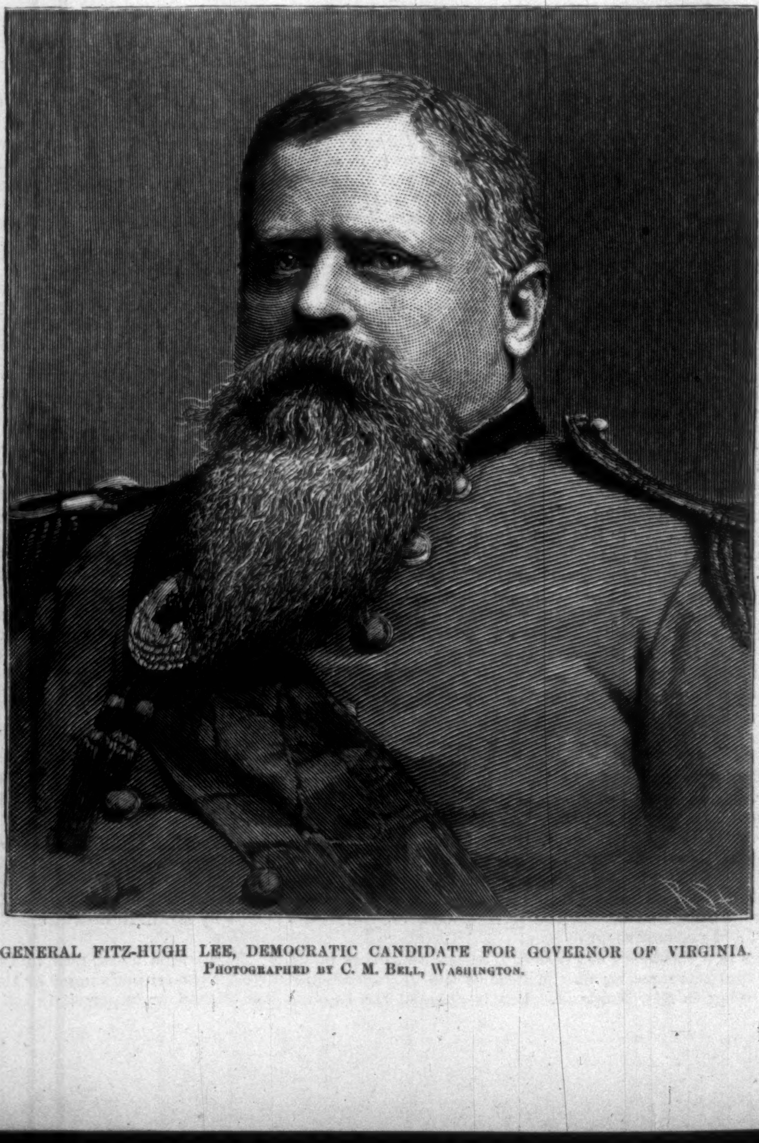
FITZ-HUGH LEE.

GENERAL FITZ-HUGH LEE, who was nominated on July 29 by the Democrats of Virginia for the Governorship of that State, has a conspicuous advantage over his Republican opponent in the possession of a name which is in itself an effective campaign war-cry among Southern voters. He is a nephew of General ROBERT E. LEE, is a man of commanding figure and fine presence, and has very much of the military dash about him which would naturally be looked for in a gentleman so picturesquely christened. He was born in 1835, and after graduating from the West Point Academy in his twenty-first year, was assigned to duty as a lieutenant of cavalry in Texas. He resigned his commission in the United States army in 1861, and entered the Confederate service as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. It is related of this regiment that it contained a chaplain, one Rev. Mr. BALL, whose fighting qualities so impressed Lieutenant-Colonel LEE that, immediately upon his promotion to the command of the regiment and his assumption of the rank of Brigadier-General, he made the chaplain a major on his staff, telling him that there was more need for the development of military than ecclesiastical talent in that part of the country.

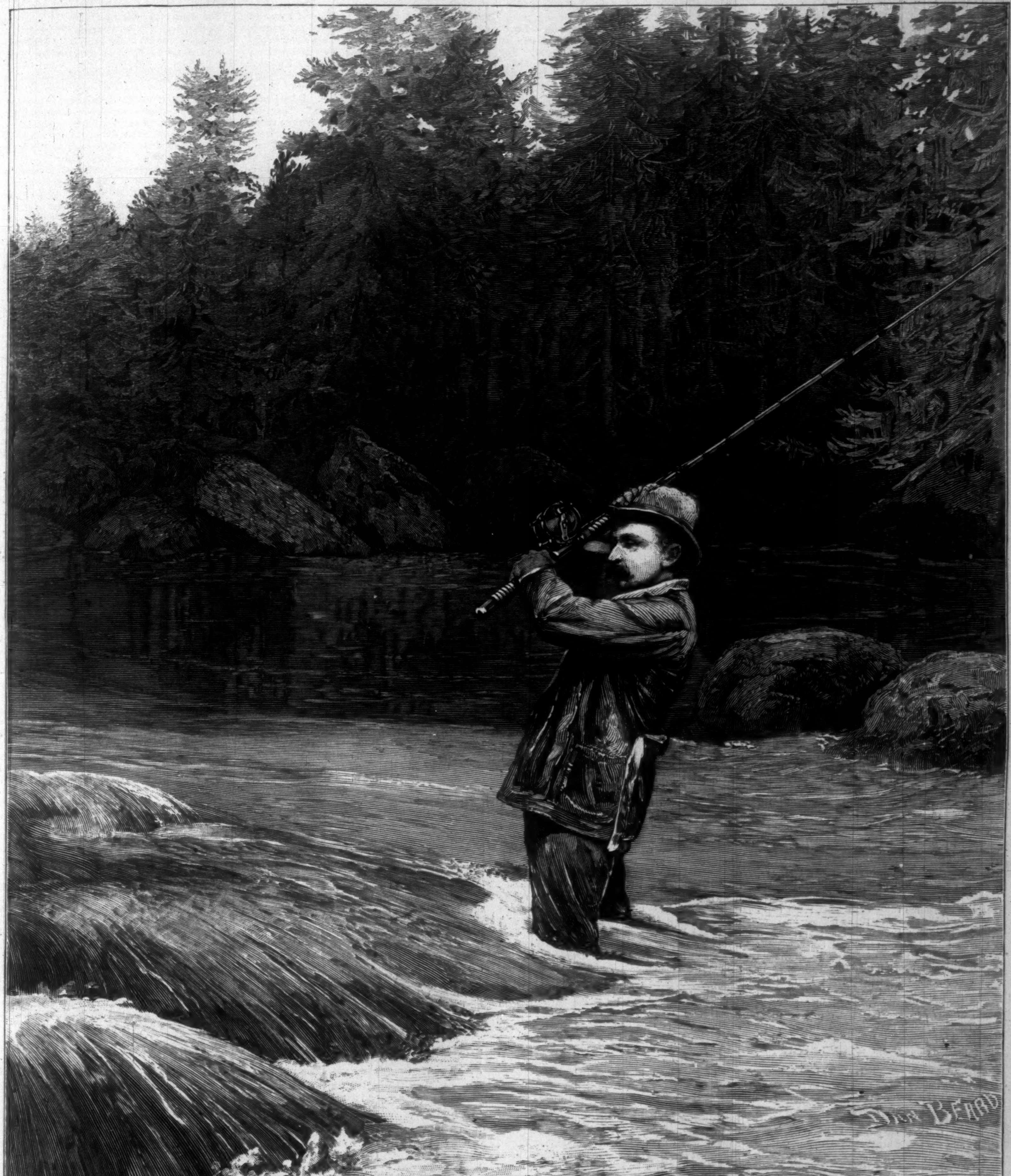
General LEE served throughout the war with much credit to himself. It did not happen to him to be able to take any particularly prominent part in the conflict, but in his own corps he was known as a brave officer and a gallant leader. His popularity in Virginia is unquestioned. Upon his shoulders, rather than upon the shoulders of either of General ROBERT E. LEE's three sons, the mantle of the distinguished Confederate leader's popularity seems to have fallen. His presence at the head of the Virginia troops at the recent inauguration of President CLEVELAND was recognized by continuous cheering throughout the length of Pennsylvania Avenue. He was superbly mounted, and was one of the recognized "features" of that splendid procession. On that occasion he may be said to have taken the first step toward capturing the honor which he has just received at the hands of his fellow-citizens.



THE LATE SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.
[SEE PAGE 520.]



GENERAL FITZ-HUGH LEE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.



SALMON-FISHING IN CANADA.—DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.

HOW I LOST MY SALMON.

WELL, I have had a new experience and a fresh sensation, and a sore man I am this day. My feet are tender; there are blisters on my hands; back, legs, and shoulders ache. My nephew, the doctor, assures me it is only a matter of strained muscles; I know that very well, but I am surprised to find myself so muscular.

Yesterday morning a note came down from our friend the broker, "Would we care to come up and fish a pool upon his river, in which several salmon were resting on their journey up the stream?" My nephew's state on receipt of the note was only comparable to that of the caged but still royal Bengal tiger when through the degrading bars he sees his daily meal approaching. He even indulged in an undignified "view hallo," as if the game were actually in sight. One of the children was hastily dispatched for Villeneuve and his calèche—a kind of terrestrial canoe on wheels and leathery springs—and soon we were whirling down through the village street, passing the church and the social inn, getting a nod from our angling friends, and clattering across the red bridge, under which the brawling river ran whose fastness we were seeking ten miles further up among the hills. The air was fresh, the dew yet on the road, and "every prospect pleasing." We did not disdain to break forth into song, my somewhat threadbare tenor blending with the doctor's younger barytone in the lively refrains of

"En roulant, ma boule roulant, en roulant ma boule,"

and

"Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai!"

Alouette, the skylark, which, deprived in successive verses of "bec," "tête," "dos," "queue," and "jambe," becomes at length the disembodied song of the poets. We were soon in the open country, uneven, almost mountainous at times. As we approached the first considerable rise, I prepared to descend, to spare the diminutive creature furnishing our motive power, when my nephew waxed hilarious, and hinted at the fable of the fly on the horn of the ox. He said these horses were tough, and of a peculiar breed. A course in veterinary surgery when a medical student has made him an accomplished farrier and a capital judge of horses. He said that the hoofs of this breed were "prehensile anteriorly," and he quoted comparative anatomy to prove that they might be undergoing a process of evolution into hippogriffs, the winged horses of mythology, and asserted that the more advanced of them could climb trees already; and he asked me, with a perfectly serious face, if I would pretend to deny that the "jackass was the father of all rabbits."

On we went, now creeping slowly up lofty hills, from whose tops we looked on other hills, and the silver St. Lawrence shimmering in the distance behind us, and now rattling and jouncing down into deeply cloven gorges, through which ran streams, insignificant at the moment, but mischievous when swollen by the angry storms not uncommon here, to which an occasional meadow, devastated by silt, gravel, and even bowlders of considerable size, bore witness. But though hill and valley alternated, the road was steadily ascending. The doctor, who is somewhat of a meteorologist, occa-

sionally took observations with a pocket instrument which he called an "altimeter," a measurer of height—a word probably derived from the Latin "altus" and the Greek *μέτρον*—in order to ascertain our elevation. He said it was so simple that any one could use it, and, as he explained it, it consisted of a graduated glass with a silver cup at the base containing a liquid, which he assured me was settling steadily to the bottom as we gained a higher level. I was interested to learn that the heights of many mountain-peaks in the West had been ascertained by calculations based solely upon this convenient little instrument.

As we rode along we saw women baking at their curious out-door ovens, which remind one of great bleached tortoises or overgrown hornets' nests, or through the open doors we saw them spinning and weaving, while about the low-thatched barns the men-folk were caring for the cattle. A singular race—swart, frugal, industrious, ignorant, superstitious, and contented, traits many of them due to their surroundings—but polite and vivacious withal, for which they may thank their ancestors.

At length we rolled up to our destination, where we were evidently expected.

Our host gave us a shout of welcome from the gallery, and Xavier, the gardien of the stream, whose cabin it was, came running out to meet us. The house was one of the best of the middle class—one story and an attic—the building being raised four feet above the ground to give a shallow cellar, the "cave" of the "habitants." We were ushered into the large clean living-room by our host, who, as my nephew was no stranger, introduced me to his gardien's family, which was a large one, and ranged from the grand'mère to an infant at the breast. While the doctor was listening to the family ailments, our host, seeing me interested in the domestic affairs about me, consigned me to a somewhat younger member of the household. In the room where we found ourselves were a table, some rude chairs and benches, a large stove used for cooking, and for warmth during the tedious winter; there were a crucifix and some pious prints on the wall, with a few bedrooms opening off. Stairs led up to the attic, the workshop of the women, where were a loom and several spinning-wheels, skeins of yarns of many dyes hanging from the rafters, and trundle-beds tucked away under the eaves. Why did old Ollendorff insist so on the "hammer of the carpenter" and the "needle of thread of the tailor?" Had he taught me how to bring a blush of pleasure to the graceful Gabrielle, whose black eyes fairly scintillated with fun, I could have readily forgiven him for all my weary conning. But, after all, the task perhaps were hopeless, for when, in a studied phrase, which, on reflection, I believe to have been faultless, I asked a glass of water from this charming "demoiselle," she said, in her rich contralto, to an urchin brother, "Skiliadelow" (est-ce qu'il y a de l'eau), he answered promptly, "Yadelow." Afterward, when I was meditating a piscatorial "gaucherie" on the stream, Xavier beckoned covertly, and said, "Nicitipaw," which Daniel says meant, "Venez ici apart." They sometimes call their women "créatures" and their men "bêtes," in good-natured familiarity.

Then our host ushered us into his own apartments, which were simple enough, as becomes a hardy sportsman, though they had not quite escaped Eastlakean decoration; a cozy bedroom, with a sensible bed, curtained windows, and a rubber tub; and a sitting-room tastefully papered, a handsome rug on the floor, some hunting and fishing scenes in rustic frames, an easy-chair, a luxurious lounge, and a table with a lamp on it, and pipes, reels, and books—books of travel, some old files of *Punch*, a well-thumbed Horace, and several plethoric fly-books; in one corner, guns in their cases; in another, rods, landing-nets, and gaffs. We fell upon the fly-books. What wealth of leaders! What combinations of colors! Golden pheasant and blue macaw; wing of wood-duck, mallard, and jay; herl of peacock; ribs of gold, silver, and silk; floss, dubbing, and mohair of every tint, iridescent and impossible!

Then our host exhibited his rods. What a treat for an angler! We took them to the sward, and Xavier put them together. Each had its distinctive excellence. There were rods for trout, salmon, and grilse; English rods and Irish rods and rods from the States. Forests of many climes and the reedy jungle had contributed their choicest woods, which cunning artificers had fashioned into these superb patterns. A supple, well-balanced grilse rod took my fancy—its action was familiar; but our hospitable host had reserved his own especial rod for me, a magnificent structure, fit for his iron thews. Xavier told me it was known among the populace as the "Scion de Polyphème," and although I could hardly credit them with so much learning, I was forced to admit that the name was not inappropriate. What a contrast to my six-ounce "shad-blow"! I swayed it to and fro, and the swaying was reciprocal.

We wended our way to the stream through woods and meadows, with Xavier carrying the luncheon, the gaff, and the great rod, until we reached a still-water set-back, where I took my first lesson in casting. I resumed Polyphemus. I took off fifty feet from the reel, and flung it out. The fly came back and fastened in my hat, the line wound lovingly around the rod as close as stripes about a barber's pole. Daniel said I didn't keep the end of it up, and didn't give it time enough. Then Xavier became interested, and gave me instructions, and then our host took me in hand, and oh! it seemed so easy! Then I began again, with more respect for the personality of the majestic rod: thirty feet, forty, fifty, till I got the swing of it, then five feet further at each cast, until they said it would do very well. Xavier even complimented me on my "bon style"; but he had then just commended my French. I wonder how the recording angel manages about such amiable deviations from strict veracity? When we reached the stream, a torrid sun was beating down on the water. No hour for fishing this, and as we were half famished, we had our snack, at which, despite of fire and smoke, black-flies and midges were unwelcome guests. There were some songs and stories, and then our host and the doctor went to sleep—our host because sleepy, and a salmon more or less was immaterial; my nephew, because from professional necessity he has learned to catch cat-naps—but I could not sleep. There was an uncomfortable thumping of my heart, and a sensation at what the doctor calls my "epigastrium"—an attack such as I experienced years ago when the hounds drove my first deer into an Adirondack lake. I strayed aimlessly among the pines, and almost tried to sprain my ankle. What a sly jade is Pleasure! I had come here at her bidding, but surely Misery is her twin. I returned to the fire, and spread myself on the grass in the smoke of the smudge, and watched some pinfish darting about under my eye in a little runnel that bubbled and whimpered on its way with its tithe to the river. Happy little vagabonds, with their disproportionate eyes and no responsibility! A breeze was soughing through the trees above me, but its Æolian music was not soothing. I could have crept willingly away from it all on undignified hands and knees, only that Xavier was awake. I wonder if he penetrated my thin veneer of unconcern? All at once a mighty splash in the stream. Great Scot! it was a salmon! I saw his dorsal fin and the fluke of his tail go sailing toward the rapids.

Xavier gave a chuckle of delight, and awoke the others. Things looked serious. I know that my hand shook as I wiped my glasses. The doctor, who is a trained observer, no doubt by way of diverting my attention, pointed to a pretty yellow flower, and asked me with an air of absorbed interest if I would have supposed that the *Primula farinosa* had so wide a distribution—it was merely a common cowslip—and then he quoted Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," about a "primrose by the river's brim," and then he rather lugged in, I thought, Ophelia's "primrose path of dalliance"; but he afterward said to me, with a seriousness that I thanked him for, "Uncle, if you strike a fish in that swift water, you will remember it till your dying day."

The stream was ten rods wide here, and host and nephew lit cigars, while Xavier and I pushed off in the skiff across the still water. It was a typical pool, framed by an amphitheatre of woods, placid and roomy, deep on one side, where it chafed against rocky buttresses, on the other shelving and approachable. But I was to begin in the rough water above. When at length stationed on the chosen spot, I took an observation; there were no obtrusive trees behind me. Upstream the water poured over a dam of shelving rocks, two feet high, in a broad white cascade; under it, a turbulent stretch chopped by a rough bottom; below, a wide shallow, with a margin of "shards, flints, and pebbles"; and then the pool. Xavier pointed out a bit of still water behind a bowlder, sixty feet away, as my objective. The tinselled lure went sailing out to it, hovered a moment, lit, and struggled about through foam and bubbles, and was then withdrawn. Thrice I did it. At the last a mound of water rose to meet it, and Xavier said, "*V'là, M's'u' l' Saumon, l'est chez lui.*" Then he said I must *rest* the fish, and after relieving me of the rod, he sat down on a mossy rock and filled his pipe. Daniel, who had come up on the opposite shore, shouted to me through his joined hands, "Tobacco is a sedative," so I smoked a cigar. Xavier finally knocked out his ashes, and Daniel sang out an irreverent "Go in, old man." This time the fly fell on an eddy flecked with sun and shadow. A molten mass of silver swirled up and took it.

I struck him *good*. I felt the barb "set" in his hungry jaw. Tell me something! Why should a few pounds of resisting avoirdupois at the end of your line have such transforming power? Now a limp and timid fat philosopher, and now alert, cool, calculating, every fibre firm, full of fight and high resolve! His lordship swam deliberately out toward the other shore, then circled slowly up under the cascade, giving me his solid weight, and then allowed himself to be drawn gently inward. Evidently unaccustomed to being caught, he was as much a neophyte as I, which was a bond of sympathy. When, somewhat abruptly, he showed an inclination to go off on his own hook instead of mine, I was obliged to snub him. Now a snub from Polyphemus was severe. He threw himself indignantly right out of the water, and I instinctively lowered the point of my rod. I say "instinctively" in self-defense, because the doctor, Xavier, and our host, who had just come up, all shouted out to do it; but I knew that much myself. Our host cried out, "You have twenty-five pounds of salmon there, sir." The effect of the full view of this magnificent fish I shall not soon forget; his wide, sheeny, quivering flank, and small, gamy head—and I saw his eye. I instantly conceived an affection for him, and I *wanted* him. Then, having made a few short angry runs—for the stream was narrow here—he decided on going back to the sea. He took straight down the long reach, and I after him as best I could. That was the lively passage yesterday. How did I ever skip over those sharp and slippery rocks? I fell once or twice, but I managed always to keep near him, holding the rod well up hard against my shoulder, and bearing on him heavily. He tried repeatedly to smash his head against projecting stones, but the line was short, and, watching closely, I foiled him every time. It was hard work letting him down from one shallow basin to another. Sometimes I saw his whole silvery side gleaming through the water, then his tail was up and his head down, steadily fighting for the pool. When at length we reached it we were not very far apart, and he instantly took off two hundred feet of line with a "zip, whiz, bur-r-r," which burned my fingers, and then went to the bottom. That was a happy moment for me. My hands were cramped. I was panting and tired to desperation. I handed Xavier my rod, and, later on, my flask.

By this time the others had come down to me. I told Daniel I was resting the fish. Daniel said, "Go 'long! the fish is resting you." That was true, but I was satisfied with the arrangement. Our host, however, insisted vehemently on starting the "brute," which I thought then and still think was a mistake. There is such a thing as diplomacy even in angling. I took the rod reluctantly from Xavier, and waded half-way down the pool on its shallow side; and then he "chunked" himself, and there was a circus. Round and round the pool he circled, leaping like an acrobat. All the line regained one moment he retook the next, until at last he struck off down to where the pool, narrowed by coercing cliffs, pitched into a nasty roaring torrent; and there, thinking of my pleasant library at home, and my work, and some dear friends of mine, how they would miss me, I decided not to follow him, and gave him the butt of Polyphemus. The tip bent slowly forward, the line stretched to its utmost tension, the apparatus creaked, but everything held, and his lordship came back sullenly, inch by inch, as the wood asserted its elasticity. I had at this time a long line out, when suddenly the fish disappeared, and while I was reeling in the slack with all my speed a salmon jumped so close behind me as to wet me with its splash. "C'est le vôtre!" cried Xavier. It may have been, but that was the last of him. As I reeled rapidly in, hoping soon to feel again the resisting tug, which had become a familiar pain and pleasure to me, only a frayed and flyless casting-line emerged from the water and danced toward me. "Monseigneur le Saumon" had disappeared.

"Uncle," said my nephew, as we rode home silent and pensive that evening, under the northern lights, "what is on your mind?"

"I was thinking," I answered, "how much philosophy there is in the couplet of the Laureate,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'"

WALTER DE F. DAY.

MRS. ADRIAN BROWER.

A SKETCH.

THE Professor had just finished reading his paper. He had prepared it with great care. His subject was "The Introduction of the Ballet in this Country as a Sanitary Measure." As was the custom, Mrs. Adrian Brower spoke first.

"In one respect I am like the great Napoleon. I know how to choose my generals. Why should I give my time to my house, to my children, when there are those who can do it better?"

The Professor, after a moment of wonderment and surprise, folded up his manuscript meekly. He had hoped to hear his paper discussed; but he also hoped to be one of Mrs. Adrian Brower's generals. She had a number. They were well paid—at least as long as her enthusiasm lasted. Meanwhile a clever man, once on his feet, might be able to keep erect some time. The Professor at present was only on his knees. So he quietly listened. First a very blonde young man spoke; then a very shock and black haired young man, with explosive emphasis; but the conversation proceeded no further than Mrs. Adrian's resemblance to the great Napoleon, and with no intimations that the corps of generals was to be increased.

A small, wiry man with sparse black whiskers edged up to the Professor.

"That was a very good paper of yours," he whispered; "all that about exercise, the development of the muscles, necessity of steady habits, regular regimen, was immensely clever. But the hit, my dear fellow—the hit was in the title—'As a Sanitary Measure,'" he repeated, slowly, slapping his knees, and leaning away from the Professor while he eyed him steadily. "That was a stroke of genius. The word has an immense hold on the public. A thing has to be a sanitary measure now to succeed. I don't doubt in the least that 'll fetch it."

The Professor listened half dazed. A hit—the little man said he had made a hit.

"Now I," said the little man, "came in on industrial schools. Good thing, you know—labor, strikes, rich men's sons greasing engines, sympathy with the masses. Very telling. Better than 'Concerts for the Neck-tie Girls and Men's Outfitters' or 'Cremation.' Weatherby Ogg, that fiery little black fellow, came in on cremation. That was before my time. Now he's down flat as Mount Olivet Crematory." The little man laughed until he broke out into beads of perspiration, which the Professor watched melt and spread into a buttery sheet all over his face.

"But we've none of us your luck. Sanitary measure and the fine arts! The wind is blowing that way now with Mrs. Adrian. You're on the weather side. I don't know whether to admire your shrewdness, Professor, or your blind luck."

The Professor was fain to protest: "Good sir, I would willingly believe you, but I can not shut my eyes to the fact that apparently no one of this distinguished company—"

"Distinguished? Oh, for the matter of that," said the little man, snapping his fingers, "it is a room full of possibilities. If all the ideas in this room were to develop at once, it would be worse than dynamite. But no danger; they have all to be hatched. Mrs. Adrian Brower is, we will say, the latest patent incubator; she possesses the warmth that gives life to an idea." The little man put his hand in his pocket and jingled his keys.

"I have no hope; the conversation is too far afield."

The small man looked pityingly. "Your first? I thought so. Do you suppose you would have been any better off if she had said: 'Why should I read novels? Truth is stranger than fiction. Do I go to the theatre? No. All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players.' That is what she said last week when Arcobolus read his paper on the 'Treasures of Crete.' He wants to organize a company to mine for gold in buried tombs. It was imposing, but not relevant. She always says either the one or the other. Everything has first to come back to Mrs. Adrian Brower, then we take a fresh start."

There was a general movement through the room. Mrs. Brower got up from her easy-chair, her accustomed seat, in the centre of the throng. She wore a loose black velvet jacket over a fine white cambric shirt front, its soft collar turned down over a cravat with flowing ends. Below, her skirt fell in severe straight lines, with long train, and from her waist depended an enamelled châtelaine of old Bohemian silver, her dress a cross between that of Rosa Bonheur and Dame Elizabeth of Hungary. She stood for a moment in an attitude of arrested motion, her finger on her lip. She smiled softly, while everybody gazed.

"There! Fräulein Swiekeit, my tablets. Celine Vangrigneuse, my inkstand of silver gilt. Mary Cotton, go to the ormolu escritoire. Mr. Weatherby Ogg, will you sit at the rose-wood desk? And"—looking about her—"Mr. Gunwaddy, your reportorial duties designate you a proper person for the davenport. Paper, pens, and ink for Mr. Gunwaddy, Fräulein. Thanks. Now we will settle all these matters without further delay. We have three things pressing—the Franco-Hispano claims, the affair of the Musquitobah, and the Experiments toward the domestication of the California locusts."

Pausing in front of Mary Cotton, she looked at that lady meditatively, and then raised her voice:

"In considering the merits of the Franco-Hispano claims, we do not doubt that fraternal comity can best be maintained—"

Mary's hand sped over the page, and Mrs. Adrian, walking slowly toward Mr. Gunwaddy, went on, apparently without breaking the chain of thought:

"In establishing the Musquitobah colony, our idea was in no way to abridge the freedom of the colonists to regulate their internal affairs."

With a slight movement of the body she looked over her shoulder and transfixed the eye of Weatherby Ogg, who dipped his pen in the ink.

"This is an enterprise of which we heartily approve. Familiarity with any danger lessens it. Experience proves—"

The company stood in unspoken admiration as Mrs. Brower thus paced backward and forward in the centre of the group. With one finger immediately resting on her chin, she passed rapidly from subject to subject without other indication than the movement of her head, keeping her three scribes steadily at work. The inattention of Mr. Gunwaddy at one point, caused by a casual fly on his nose, excited the reproachful murmurs of the audience, and alone marred the effect.

Slightly panting, Mrs. Brower threw herself into the easy-chair. The rapt expression had not yet left her face. There was a slight movement among her guests, but the conversation was still carried on in hushed tones. Presently she spoke.

"You have finished? Then read to me before I affix my signature."

"*Place aux dames*," said Mr. Gunwaddy, gallantly.

Mrs. Brower sank back into her chair, and Mary Cotton, standing before her, began:

"'In considering the matter of the Franco-Hispano claims, we do not doubt that fraternal comity can best be maintained by these concessions. "Viva el Rey" will be sung at the beginning of the concert; the "Marseillaise" will conclude the evening's entertainment. America will be content with some favorite song by a native composer at the beginning of the second part, and will not insist on a national ode.'"

"Very just," everybody murmured.

"Mr. Ogg, are you ready?" said Mrs. Brower, as she shaded her eyes with her hand.

Mary retired, and Weatherby Ogg took her place in front of Mrs. Brower, and read, with much oratorical effect:

"'This is an enterprise of which I heartily approve. Familiarity with any danger lessens it. Experience proves, for example, that it is better to have a little small-pox always with us than an occasional plague. Modern science has demonstrated the analogy which runs through all nature's courses—'"

"'Courses of nature,' he said. Am I not right, my friends?" Every one bowed.

"I will make the correction. The parallel between the case in hand and the illustration need not be further carried out."

"Very good, Mr. Ogg. Advance, Mr. Gunwaddy. Read."

"'In establishing the Musquitobah colony, our idea was in no way to abridge the freedom of the colonists to regulate their own internal affairs. The promoters are willing, however, to advise on all occasions. In this case they deprecate the introduction of the Dress Improver, since modern science has demonstrated—'"

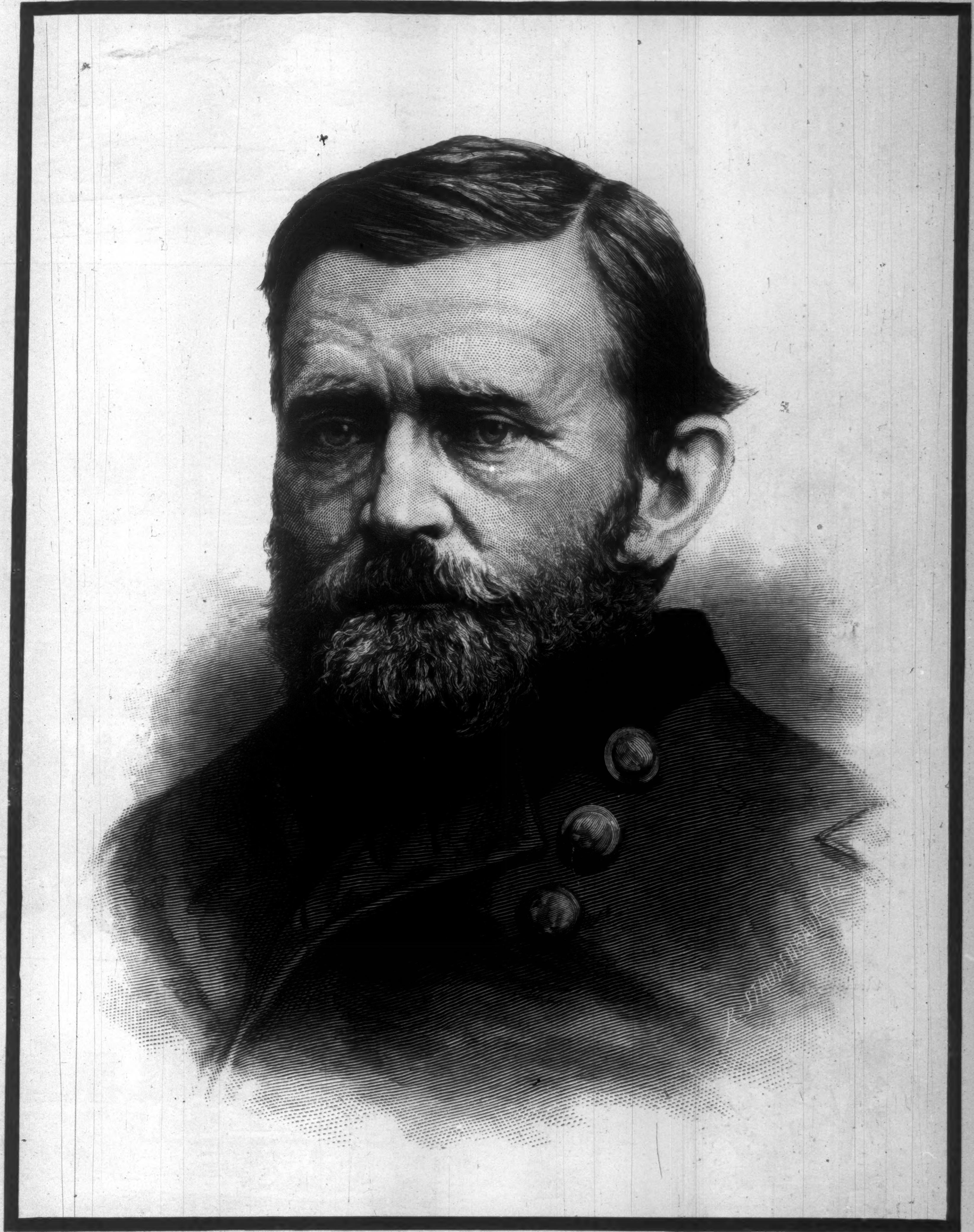
"Mr. Gunwaddy!" the room exclaimed.

"Oh yes, I see; I've got hold of some of Ogg's. I'll fix it. All right. 'Since the steel springs are liable to get out of order, and during the planting season the blacksmith is too busy to mend them.'"

"While Mr. Gunwaddy is rewriting his paper I will sign those of Mary Cotton and Mr. Weatherby Ogg."

Going over to the davenport, she wrote, in a bold feminine hand, since it occupied a large part of the paper, "Mrs. Adrian Brower."

"It ought to be Aurelia Regina," said the little



ULYSSES S. GRANT.—From a Photograph taken in 1865.

[Reproduced by Request from Harper's Weekly of April 4, 1885.]

sionally took observations with a pocket instrument which he called an "altimeter," a measurer of height—a word probably derived from the Latin "altus" and the Greek μέτρον—in order to ascertain our elevation. He said it was so simple that any one could use it, and, as he explained it, it consisted of a graduated glass with a silver cup at the base containing a liquid, which he assured me was settling steadily to the bottom as we gained a higher level. I was interested to learn that the heights of many mountain-peaks in the West had been ascertained by calculations based solely upon this convenient little instrument.

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At length we rolled up to our destination, where we were evidently expected.

Our host gave us a shout of welcome from the gallery, and Xavier, the gardien of the stream, whose cabin it was, came running out to meet us. The house was one of the best of the middle class—one story and an attic—the building being raised four feet above the ground to give a shallow cellar, the "cave" of the "habitants." We were ushered into the large clean living-room by our host, who, as my nephew was no stranger, introduced me to his gardien's family, which was a large one, and ranged from the grand'mère to an infant at the breast. While the doctor was listening to the family ailments, our host, seeing me interested in the domestic affairs about me, consigned me to a somewhat younger member of the household. In the room where we found ourselves were a table, some rude chairs and benches, a large stove used for cooking, and for warmth during the tedious winter; there were a crucifix and some pious prints on the wall, with a few bedrooms opening off. Stairs led up to the attic, the workshop of the women, where were a loom and several spinning-wheels, skeins of yarns of many dyes hanging from the rafters, and trundle-beds tucked away under the eaves. Why did old Ollendorff insist so on the "hammer of the carpenter" and the "needle of thread of the tailor?" Had he taught me how to bring a blush of pleasure to the graceful Gabrielle, whose black eyes fairly scintillated with fun, I could have readily forgiven him for all my weary conning. But, after all, the task perhaps were hopeless, for when, in a studied phrase, which, on reflection, I believe to have been faultless, I asked a glass of water from this charming "demoiselle," she said, in her rich contralto, to an urchin brother, "Skiliadelow" (est-ce qu'il y a de l'eau), he answered promptly, "Yadelow." Afterward, when I was meditating a piscatorial "gaucherie" on the stream, Xavier beckoned covertly, and said, "Nicitipaw," which Daniel says meant, "Venez ici apart." They sometimes call their women "créatures" and their men "bêtes," in good-natured familiarity.

Then our host ushered us into his own apartments, which were simple enough, as becomes a hardy sportsman, though they had not quite escaped Eastlakean decoration; a cozy bedroom, with a sensible bed, curtained windows, and a rubber tub; and a sitting-room tastefully papered, a handsome rug on the floor, some hunting and fishing scenes in rustic frames, an easy-chair, a luxurious lounge, and a table with a lamp on it, and pipes, reels, and books—books of travel, some old files of *Punch*, a well-thumbed Horace, and several plethoric fly-books; in one corner, guns in their cases; in another, rods, landing-nets, and gaffs. We fell upon the fly-books. What wealth of leaders! What combinations of colors! Golden pheasant and blue macaw; wing of wood-duck, mallard, and jay; herl of peacock; ribs of gold, silver, and silk; floss, dubbing, and mohair of every tint, iridescent and impossible!

Then our host exhibited his rods. What a treat for an angler! We took them to the sward, and Xavier put them together. Each had its distinctive excellence. There were rods for trout, salmon, and grilse; English rods and Irish rods and rods from the States. Forests of many climes and the reedy jungle had contributed their choicest woods, which cunning artificers had fashioned into these superb patterns. A supple, well-balanced grilse rod took my fancy—its action was familiar; but our hospitable host had reserved his own especial rod for me, a magnificent structure, fit for his iron thews. Xavier told me it was known among the populace as the "Scion de Polyphème," and although I could hardly credit them with so much learning, I was forced to admit that the name was not inappropriate. What a contrast to my six-ounce "shad-blow"! I swayed it to and fro, and the swaying was reciprocal.

We wended our way to the stream through woods and meadows, with Xavier carrying the luncheon, the gaff, and the great rod, until we reached a still-water set-back, where I took my first lesson in casting. I resumed Polyphemus. I took off fifty feet from the reel, and flung it out. The fly came back and fastened in my hat, the line wound lovingly around the rod as close as stripes about a barber's pole. Daniel said I didn't keep the end of it up, and didn't give it time enough. Then Xavier became interested, and gave me instructions, and then our host took me in hand, and oh! it seemed so easy! Then I began again, with more respect for the personality of the majestic rod: thirty feet, forty, fifty, till I got the swing of it, then five feet further at each cast, until they said it would do very well. Xavier even complimented me on my "bon style"; but he had then just commended my French. I wonder how the recording angel manages about such amiable deviations from strict veracity? When we reached the stream, a torrid sun was beating down on the water. No hour for fishing this, and as we were half famished, we had our snack, at which, despite of fire and smoke, black-flies and midges were unwelcome guests. There were some songs and stories, and then our host and the doctor went to sleep—our host because sleepy, and a salmon more or less was immaterial; my nephew, because from professional necessity he has learned to catch cat-naps—but I could not sleep. There was an uncomfortable thumping of my heart, and a sensation at what the doctor calls my "epigastrium"—an attack such as I experienced years ago when the hounds drove my first deer into an Adirondack lake. I strayed aimlessly among the pines, and almost tried to sprain my ankle. What a sly jade is Pleasure! I had come here at her bidding, but surely Misery is her twin. I returned to the fire, and spread myself on the grass in the smoke of the smudge, and watched some pinfish darting about under my eye in a little runnel that bubbled and whimpered on its way with its tithe to the river. Happy little vagabonds, with their disproportionate eyes and no responsibility! A breeze was soughing through the trees above me, but its Æolian music was not soothing. I could have crept willingly away from it all on undignified hands and knees, only that Xavier was awake. I wonder if he penetrated my thin veneer of unconcern? All at once a mighty splash in the stream. Great Scot! it was a salmon! I saw his dorsal fin and the fluke of his tail go sailing toward the rapids.

Xavier gave a chuckle of delight, and awoke the others. Things looked serious. I know that my hand shook as I wiped my glasses. The doctor, who is a trained observer, no doubt by way of diverting my attention, pointed to a pretty yellow flower, and asked me with an air of absorbed interest if I would have supposed that the *Primula farinosa* had so wide a distribution—it was merely a common cowslip—and then he quoted Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," about a "primrose by the river's brim," and then he rather lugged in, I thought, Ophelia's "primrose path of dalliance"; but he afterward said to me, with a seriousness that I thanked him for, "Uncle, if you strike a fish in that swift water, you will remember it till your dying day."

The stream was ten rods wide here, and host and nephew lit cigars, while Xavier and I pushed off in the skiff across the still water. It was a typical pool, framed by an amphitheatre of woods, placid and roomy, deep on one side, where it chafed against rocky buttresses, on the other shelving and approachable. But I was to begin in the rough water above. When at length stationed on the chosen spot, I took an observation; there were no obtrusive trees behind me. Up-stream the water poured over a dam of shelving rocks, two feet high, in a broad white cascade; under it, a turbulent stretch chopped by a rough bottom; below, a wide shallow, with a margin of "shards, flints, and pebbles"; and then the pool. Xavier pointed out a bit of still water behind a bowlder, sixty feet away, as my objective. The tinselled lure went sailing out to it, hovered a moment, lit, and struggled about through foam and bubbles, and was then withdrawn. Thrice I did it. At the last a mound of water rose to meet it, and Xavier said, "*V'là, M's'u' l' Saumon, l'est chez-lui.*" Then he said I must *rest* the fish, and after relieving me of the rod, he sat down on a mossy rock and filled his pipe. Daniel, who had come up on the opposite shore, shouted to me through his joined hands, "Tobacco is a sedative," so I smoked a cigar. Xavier finally knocked out his ashes, and Daniel sang out an irreverent "Go in, old man." This time the fly fell on an eddy flecked with sun and shadow. A molten mass of silver swirled up and took it.

I struck him *good*. I felt the barb "set" in his hungry jaw. Tell me something! Why should a few pounds of resisting avoirdupois at the end of your line have such transforming power? Now a limp and timid fat philosopher, and now alert, cool, calculating, every fibre firm, full of fight and high resolve! His lordship swam deliberately out toward the other shore, then circled slowly up under the cascade, giving me his solid weight, and then allowed himself to be drawn gently inward. Evidently unaccustomed to being caught, he was as much a neophyte as I, which was a bond of sympathy. When, somewhat abruptly, he showed an inclination to go off on his own hook instead of mine, I was obliged to snub him. Now a snub from Polyphemus was severe. He threw himself indignantly right out of the water, and I instinctively lowered the point of my rod. I say "instinctively" in self-defense, because the doctor, Xavier, and our host, who had just come up, all shouted out to do it; but I knew that much myself. Our host cried out, "You have twenty-five pounds of salmon there, sir." The effect of the full view of this magnificent fish I shall not soon forget; his wide, sheeny, quivering flank, and small, gamy head—and I saw his eye. I instantly conceived an affection for him, and I *wanted* him. Then, having made a few short angry runs—for the stream was narrow here—he decided on going back to the sea. He took straight down the long reach, and I after him as best I could. That was the lively passage yesterday. How did I ever skip over those sharp and slippery rocks? I fell once or twice, but I managed always to keep near him, holding the rod well up hard against my shoulder, and bearing on him heavily. He tried repeatedly to smash his head against projecting stones, but the line was short, and, watching closely, I foiled him every time. It was hard work letting him down from one shallow basin to another. Sometimes I saw his whole silvery side gleaming through the water, then his tail was up and his head down, steadily fighting for the pool. When at length we reached it we were not very far apart, and he instantly took off two hundred feet of line with a "zip, whiz, bur-r-r," which burned my fingers, and then went to the bottom. That was a happy moment for me. My hands were cramped. I was panting and tired to desperation. I handed Xavier my rod, and, later on, my flask.

By this time the others had come down to me. I told Daniel I was resting the fish. Daniel said, "Go 'long! the fish is resting you." That was true, but I was satisfied with the arrangement. Our host, however, insisted vehemently on starting the "brute," which I thought then and still think was a mistake. There is such a thing as diplomacy even in angling. I took the rod reluctantly from Xavier, and waded half-way down the pool on its shallow side; and then he "chunked" himself, and there was a circus. Round and round the pool he circled, leaping like an acrobat. All the line regained one moment he retook the next, until at last he struck off down to where the pool, narrowed by coercing cliffs, pitched into a nasty roaring torrent; and there, thinking of my pleasant library at home, and my work, and some dear friends of mine, how they would miss me, I decided not to follow him, and gave him the butt of Polyphemus. The tip bent slowly forward, the line stretched to its utmost tension, the apparatus creaked, but everything held, and his lordship came back sullenly, inch by inch, as the wood asserted its elasticity. I had at this time a long line out, when suddenly the fish disappeared, and while I was reeling in the slack with all my speed a salmon jumped so close behind me as to wet me with its splash. "C'est le vôtre!" cried Xavier. It may have been, but that was the last of him. As I reeled rapidly in, hoping soon to feel again the resisting tug, which had become a familiar pain and pleasure to me, only a frayed and flyless casting-line emerged from the water and danced toward me. "Monseigneur le Saumon" had disappeared.

"Uncle," said my nephew, as we rode home silent and pensive that evening, under the northern lights, "what is on your mind?"

"I was thinking," I answered, "how much philosophy there is in the couplet of the Laureate,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'"

WALTER DE F. DAY.

MRS. ADRIAN BROWER.

A SKETCH.

THE Professor had just finished reading his paper. He had prepared it with great care. His subject was "The Introduction of the Ballet in this Country as a Sanitary Measure." As was the custom, Mrs. Adrian Brower spoke first.

"In one respect I am like the great Napoleon. I know how to choose my generals. Why should I give my time to my house, to my children, when there are those who can do it better?"

The Professor, after a moment of wonderment and surprise, folded up his manuscript meekly. He had hoped to hear his paper discussed; but he also hoped to be one of Mrs. Adrian Brower's generals. She had a number. They were well paid—at least as long as her enthusiasm lasted. Meanwhile a clever man, once on his feet, might be able to keep erect some time. The Professor at present was only on his knees. So he quietly listened. First a very blonde young man spoke; then a very shock and black haired young man, with explosive emphasis; but the conversation proceeded no further than Mrs. Adrian's resemblance to the great Napoleon, and with no intimations that the corps of generals was to be increased.

A small, wiry man with sparse black whiskers edged up to the Professor.

"That was a very good paper of yours," he whispered; "all that about exercise, the development of the muscles, necessity of steady habits, regular regimen, was immensely clever. But the hit, my dear fellow—the hit was in the title—'As a Sanitary Measure,'" he repeated, slowly, slapping his knees, and leaning away from the Professor while he eyed him steadily. "That was a stroke of genius. The word has an immense hold on the public. A thing has to be a sanitary measure now to succeed. I don't doubt in the least that 'll fetch it."

The Professor listened half dazed. A hit—the little man said he had made a hit.

"Now I," said the little man, "came in on industrial schools. Good thing, you know—labor, strikes, rich men's sons greasing engines, sympathy with the masses. Very telling. Better than 'Concerts for the Neck-tie Girls and Men's Outfitters' or 'Cremation.' Weatherby Ogg, that fiery little black fellow, came in on cremation. That was before my time. Now he's down flat as Mount Olivet Crematory." The little man laughed until he broke out into beads of perspiration, which the Professor watched melt and spread into a buttery sheet all over his face.

"But we've none of us your luck. Sanitary measure and the fine arts! The wind is blowing that way now with Mrs. Adrian. You're on the weather side. I don't know whether to admire your shrewdness, Professor, or your blind luck."

The Professor was fain to protest: "Good sir, I would willingly believe you, but I can not shut my eyes to the fact that apparently no one of this distinguished company—"

"Distinguished? Oh, for the matter of that," said the little man, snapping his fingers, "it is a room full of possibilities. If all the ideas in this room were to develop at once, it would be worse than dynamite. But no danger; they have all to be hatched. Mrs. Adrian Brower is, we will say, the latest patent incubator; she possesses the warmth that gives life to an idea." The little man put his hand in his pocket and jingled his keys.

"I have no hope; the conversation is too far afield."

The small man looked pityingly. "Your first? I thought so. Do you suppose you would have been any better off if she had said: 'Why should I read novels? Truth is stranger than fiction. Do I go to the theatre? No. All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players.' That is what she said last week when Arcobolus read his paper on the 'Treasures of Crete.' He wants to organize a company to mine for gold in buried tombs. It was imposing, but not relevant. She always says either the one or the other. Everything has first to come back to Mrs. Adrian Brower, then we take a fresh start."

There was a general movement through the room. Mrs. Brower got up from her easy-chair, her accustomed seat, in the centre of the throng. She wore a loose black velvet jacket over a fine white cambric shirt front, its soft collar turned down over a cravat with flowing ends. Below, her skirt fell in severe straight lines, with long train, and from her waist depended an enamelled châtelaine of old Bohemian silver, her dress a cross between that of Rosa Bonheur and Dame Elizabeth of Hungary. She stood for a moment in an attitude of arrested motion, her finger on her lip. She smiled softly, while everybody gazed.

"There! Fräulein Swiekeit, my tablets. Celine Vangrigneuse, my inkstand of silver gilt. Mary Cotton, go to the ormolu escritoire. Mr. Weatherby Ogg, will you sit at the rose-wood desk? And"—looking about her—"Mr. Gunwaddy, your reportorial duties designate you a proper person for the davenport. Paper, pens, and ink for Mr. Gunwaddy, Fräulein. Thanks. Now we will settle all these matters without further delay. We have three things pressing—the Franco-Hispano claims, the affair of the Musquitobah, and the Experiments toward the domestication of the California locusts."

Pausing in front of Mary Cotton, she looked at that lady meditatively, and then raised her voice:

"In considering the merits of the Franco-Hispano claims, we do not doubt that fraternal comity can best be maintained—"

Mary's hand sped over the page, and Mrs. Adrian, walking slowly toward Mr. Gunwaddy, went on, apparently without breaking the chain of thought:

"In establishing the Musquitobah colony, our idea was in no way to abridge the freedom of the colonists to regulate their internal affairs."

With a slight movement of the body she looked over her shoulder and transfixed the eye of Weatherby Ogg, who dipped his pen in the ink.

"This is an enterprise of which we heartily approve. Familiarity with any danger lessens it. Experience proves—"

The company stood in unspoken admiration as Mrs. Brower thus paced backward and forward in the centre of the group. With one finger immediately resting on her chin, she passed rapidly from subject to subject without other indication than the movement of her head, keeping her three scribes steadily at work. The inattention of Mr. Gunwaddy at one point, caused by a casual fly on his nose, excited the reproachful murmurs of the audience, and alone marred the effect.

Slightly panting, Mrs. Brower threw herself into the easy-chair. The rapt expression had not yet left her face. There was a slight movement among her guests, but the conversation was still carried on in hushed tones. Presently she spoke.

"You have finished? Then read to me before I affix my signature."

"*Place aux dames*," said Mr. Gunwaddy, gallantly.

Mrs. Brower sank back into her chair, and Mary Cotton, standing before her, began:

"'In considering the matter of the Franco-Hispano claims, we do not doubt that fraternal comity can best be maintained by these concessions. "Viva el Rey" will be sung at the beginning of the concert; the "Marseillaise" will conclude the evening's entertainment. America will be content with some favorite song by a native composer at the beginning of the second part, and will not insist on a national ode.'"

"Very just," everybody murmured.

"Mr. Ogg, are you ready?" said Mrs. Brower, as she shaded her eyes with her hand.

Mary retired, and Weatherby Ogg took her place in front of Mrs. Brower, and read, with much oratorical effect:

"'This is an enterprise of which I heartily approve. Familiarity with any danger lessens it. Experience proves, for example, that it is better to have a little small-pox always with us than an occasional plague. Modern science has demonstrated the analogy which runs through all nature's courses—'"

"'Courses of nature,' he said. Am I not right, my friends?" Every one bowed.

"I will make the correction. The parallel between the case in hand and the illustration need not be further carried out."

"Very good, Mr. Ogg. Advance, Mr. Gunwaddy. Read."

"'In establishing the Musquitobah colony, our idea was in no way to abridge the freedom of the colonists to regulate their own internal affairs. The promoters are willing, however, to advise on all occasions. In this case they deprecate the introduction of the Dress Improver, since modern science has demonstrated—'"

"Mr. Gunwaddy!" the room exclaimed.

"Oh yes, I see; I've got hold of some of Ogg's. I'll fix it. All right. 'Since the steel springs are liable to get out of order, and during the planting season the blacksmith is too busy to mend them.'"

"While Mr. Gunwaddy is rewriting his paper I will sign those of Mary Cotton and Mr. Weatherby Ogg."

Going over to the davenport, she wrote, in a bold feminine hand, since it occupied a large part of the paper, "Mrs. Adrian Brower."

"It ought to be Aurelia Regina," said the little

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man, enthusiastically, and whispered to the Professor, "This is her really great act."

"Now, good people, all of you go home. We need all our strength for the morrow." Moving her hand gracefully, Mrs. Adrian Brower left the room, and lightly tripped upstairs.

Mrs. Adrian Brower had need of her strength. She was the busiest woman in New York city. At five o'clock in the morning her maid threw wide open all the blinds, and brought her a cup of tea and her peignoir. Thus refreshed, without rising she made her memoranda for the day—planned her campaign, as it were. On the little table at her side lay a slip of paper in Mary Cotton's neat handwriting. There were her engagements for the day, taken from the large entry-book in which they were set down when made. The distribution of her time, and the plan of action which each of these demanded, Mrs. Adrian Brower arranged lying among her white draperies, giving to this important work her freshest morning thoughts. To all her multifarious affairs she added a number of fashionable charities, taking a leading part now in one, and now in another. Envious other women said she endeavored to make them a stepping-stone into a higher social position. When one failed, she tried another. Mrs. Adrian Brower put a very different construction on her own movements.

"They come to me like tottering children. I give them my hand until they are able to go alone," she said to me as we were arranging for the publication of her "Summer in Iceland" for the benefit of Herr Stromboli's Alaskan Communal.

With all these duties pressing, it was inevitable that she had to do much by proxy. Even the children were in the service. Mrs. Brower took tickets to everything—conversaziones in French, monologues in German, readings in English, scientific lectures, discourses on art, recitals in music, poetry, and song. Mary Cotton took Elfrida to one, Celine Vangrigneuse led Ethelred to another, and Hopkins Dwight, Edwy's tutor, filled two seats somewhere else. It was strange to hear Elfrida's voice ring out at some witticism of Labiche, and to see Ethelred applauding Herr Doppelgänger's reading of Jean Paul, and Edwy's slender pipe asking Professor Grindstone to repeat a remark concerning the Devonian age which Edwy failed to catch.

It was rarely that Mrs. Adrian Brower found time to present herself at any of these courses of instruction. When she did, the remotest woman turned her head. Mrs. Brower always spoke a foreign tongue in public, and her outspoken appreciation, which made a running commentary on the matter in question, attracted much attention.

Mrs. Brower never appeared alone. She was a too well-known figure, she said, to go about unattended, although she bore scrutiny like a princess. A discreetly black-bonneted elderly woman was her accustomed companion. Mrs. Adrian Brower never introduced her, but I have been told it was Miss Rebecca Higgins, her elder sister, a very worthy woman.

When the business of the day was arranged, Mrs. Brower received her children while the maid was dressing her hair. No thorough-bred colt could be more thoroughly cared for than the children of Mrs. Adrian Brower. These morning visits she gave to their physical inspection. She saw that Ethelred's shoes were long enough, examined Elfrida's teeth, and felt of Edwy's muscle. They were fed on the simplest diet and most nourishing food. Occasionally she condescended to dine with them without invitation that she might assure herself there were no surreptitious dainties. They stood before her now with shining eyes, glistening hair, immaculately groomed from head to foot. To the children the mother was a wonder and delight, and this interview, brief as it was, was the event of the day.

After a brief consultation with her housekeeper, Mrs. Adrian Brower, her toilet made, received in turn Mary Cotton, Celine Vangrigneuse, and Hopkins Dwight for a few words, giving to each, as she dismissed them, a written memorandum for the day.

"You will bring me your usual reports at six. Now, Rebecca, we are ready. Aline, the green baize bag."

The ladies descended the stairs to the carriage; the servants bowed; the footman threw open the doors; the coachman touched his hat.

"Have you the relays ready, Boston? Let them be in harness at one."

When Mrs. Adrian Brower was at home a carriage was always in waiting before the door, that no time might be lost in case she wanted to go out. When she was from home, relays were kept in harness. The neighbors often thrust their heads out of the window as her carriage and smoking steeds came dashing up the street. Scarcely could they call the rest of their families when a fresh equipage came rattling out of the stables, and Mrs. Adrian Brower was off again. Such was the stress of affairs.

Plainly no life could be better organized. Kings and queens are ensnared in routine. But Mrs. Adrian Brower's routine was self-imposed. She could destroy the whole fabric at any moment. Perhaps for that reason she hugged it closer. Its reticulations she re-reticulated, fully persuaded that in this way she brought her great energy and vast wealth to aid the otherwise clumsy march of events.

Her household, meanwhile, moved on wheels of velvet. Her children were models of health and learning; so perfectly was everything adjusted that Mr. Adrian Brower, except when he met his family a few moments before dinner, scarcely realized he had a wife and children.

Yet such is the irony of fate that three separate events a century before combined a century later to overturn Mrs. Adrian Brower's fine plans, and throw her household into confusion, exactly as if she had been the butcher's wife at the corner.

These were, first, a systematic series of headaches, causing a premature tendency to gray hair, instituted in Mary Cotton's family by her great-grandmother, who fell from a yew-tree at the early age of sixteen, in Newington-on-Trent, thereby splintering a bone in her skull. Second, Matthieu Vangrigneuse, a workman of Bar-le-Duc, in a jealous fit of rage with his cousin Jacqueline Marot, joined the army of Dessaix, and, wounded in the Egyptian campaign, married a fiery Marseillaise in her native town, where he made his convalescence. The third was the wrecking of a Gloucester schooner off Tobago, which introduced a pair of languishing black eyes among the meagre lineaments of the Dwight family.

Both Celine Vangrigneuse and Mary Cotton united in admiration of the large Spanish eyes of Hopkins Dwight. This he placidly accepted. But with a long train of D.D.'s, and an uncle who had been in the India trade in Boston, behind him, and with Mrs. Adrian Brower, on whom he looked as a goddess, daily before him, he gave little further thought to the matter. There was no jealousy; for, although Mary had frequently to consult Hopkins about the early English studies, Celine saw that the head bowed under the large brown eyes over the same book was unqualifiedly gray. Mary was to her an admirable chaperon. Although Celine was bravely seeking fortune in a foreign land, when she wanted to consult Monsieur Dwight she nestled shyly under Mary's arm, murmuring, "Si jeune! si jeune!" This Mary did not mind, for she never forgot the fact that Celine, after all, was only a nursery governess, and in Mary's world all men bowed to intellect alone. The educational staff, as Mrs. Adrian Brower called the two, spent many pleasant evenings together after the children had gone to bed.

One evening Hopkins incidentally remarked that blue was his favorite color. When he was a little chap he had fallen in love with a little girl in a blue dress. After much questioning, the ladies drew from him that the particular blue was "blue with nearly all the blue left out."

"Ciel bleu. C'est çà," said Celine, nodding her head.

Celine's toilets had always been a source of distraction to Mary, who spent much time silently analyzing the mysteries of their loopings and drapings.

Celine had a friend, Madame Montgolfier, who was the architect of her costumes, while Mary's clothes were made up in Greenville by her sister Susan, who needed the little money that Mary could in this way give her. In vain Mary made drawings and cut out little models in tissue-paper of the way in which Celine's draperies appeared. But Susan, as Mary said, never could get the hang.

Not long after this conversation, Mary surprised Celine looking over some samples of stuffs.

"Oh, what pretty samples! Do let me see. Mademoiselle, won't you please give me a little snip of this blue?"

"My dear Miss Cotong, nothing would give me more pleasure, but, see, Madame Montgolfier has sent me them to use my taste for one of her clients, and demands them strictly again."

Shortly after, as Mary was going out, she saw on the door-step the identical blue sample.

"I don't believe Madame Montgolfier is that particular. I'll see if I can't match it."

As it happened one day Celine passed Mary in a shop with a pile of blue stuffs before her unweariyingly searching for the tint. The two ladies pretended not to see one another. But afterward Celine showed new interest in the loss of her sample.

"It is very estrange, very remarquable, very mysterieux, what went with that piece," she frequently observed.

Thus the wedge entered in, and the two friends were driven apart.

Mary got her dress—a fine baby blue gingham. "I won't send it to Susan. I'll make it myself." So the pleasant evenings were broken up. Mary shut herself in her room with sealed doors, carrying the pieces out surreptitiously to be sewed by the sewing-machine woman on Third Avenue.

In vain Celine tried to discover the secret of Mary Cotton's closed doors. At her knock Mary flung her sewing under the bed and calmly took up a book. No servant even could ever find a scrap of blue gingham on the floor.

Nor was Hopkins any longer to be found over his books in the evening. Celine's jealousy now grew like a juggler's pomegranate.

Finally the dress was finished. When Mary put it on she blushed to find how nice she looked. When she appeared in Mrs. Adrian's for her morning instructions, Celine gave a sardonic laugh, although it was in the sacred presence, and gave an upward glance at Hopkins Dwight.

The subtle flattery of Mary's choice was not to be overlooked, so as they went out he said, "Such a pretty dress, Miss Cotton! I feel myself a boy again."

But Celine, as she passed her on the stairs, said in her ear, "There are names for the thing that you have done. I will have them named, *voleuse*."

"She didn't say it in English, anyway," smiled Mary to herself.

At five o'clock Mrs. Adrian Brower threw herself among the soft cushions of a canapé in a cloud of silk and lace which she called her tea gown. "The children's hour," she christened it, and they were let in to amuse themselves while she sipped her orange pekoe.

To-day there was much pushing about of furniture. Elfrida was mounted up behind a writing-desk in a space fenced around with chairs. Edwy had Ethelred by the back of her neck and was beating her over the shoulder with a music roll.

"Come along, now. You're an old one. I know your game. You've been at it again."

Ethelred whimpered and cried and plead her poor little children. Then she threw herself on the floor, while Edwy dragged her, kicking and pushing, in front of Ethelred.

"Children, isn't that a very noisy game?" asked Mrs. Brower from her cushions.

"Why, mamma, we're playing it very softly," said Edwy.

"There are swear words in it, mamma, but we don't say them," added Ethelred. But Mrs. Brower was lost in her reverie, and the game went on.

Mrs. Brower at length looked at the clock, and touched an electric bell. The door opened, and Mary Cotton, Celine, and Hopkins Dwight entered. They each gave a startled glance at the children's game.

"There; run away for a time," their mother said, for she did not care to have them present at the reading of the reports. "You may begin, Mr. Dwight."

"'The hour between nine and ten we spent in the gymnasium. Edwy practiced at single-stick. I find his muscles hardening satisfactorily. The next two hours were devoted to his studies. He conjugated very acceptably the future-perfect of the verb *sum*. I read to him from Grecian history, and he asked many pertinent questions concerning the Lacedemonians. At two o'clock we went to Professor Legalle's lecture on the Draconian laws. On the way he insisted on giving several pennies to a monkey attached to a grind-organ, and picked up a bundle that a lady dropped, also giving other evidences of grace of action and kindness of heart. He listened to the lecture with great attention. Afterward we returned home.'"

Celine and Mary Cotton presented their reports, which were prepared in much the same manner.

"It is well. I like to see the indications of moral as well as mental and physical improvement in my children. I hope you will each be very observing in this respect. That will do."

The children now slipped in and began their game. Meanwhile Elfrida and Edwy had Fräulein sew white tape on their sleeves.

"We're sergeants, you know."

"Yes, and I'm one stripe more of a sergeant than you, Edwy."

A movement at the door revealed Mr. Adrian Brower, who entered. "What does all this mean, my dear? There's a policeman down-stairs who insists on speaking to you. He doesn't seem to think much of me."

Edwy darted out and called over the rail: "Come along up. I'm one too. Oh, it's our sergeant, Ethelred."

The children clustered about the policeman, who had run up two steps at a time.

"We're sergeants too, Elfrida and me. Ethelred isn't. I ran her in. She's drunk, you know. Ethelred, go back to your pen, or I'll club you again."

The policeman almost winked at Mrs. Adrian Brower.

"They took it all in, didn't they?"

"Will you kindly explain your errand? Can I do anything for you?" the lady of the house said, graciously.

"That's just what I came for. I used to see you, ma'am, at fairs and such places when I was on duty, and it seemed a pity to let the names of such little kids get into the reports."

Mrs. Adrian Brower stood erect. "But I don't understand. You haven't tickets you want me to take? Where do you come from?"

"Jefferson Market Police Court. I was going to—"

"I'll tell you, mamma," said Edwy. "They ran us all in, and Mary Cotton would have had to go to the lock-up if Mr. Dwight hadn't paid the money. And we all have to go back to-morrow."

Mrs. Brower fell on her knees, and, clasping the little group in her arms, looked up into the sergeant's face.

"Never, sir, never! These are my jewels, and I will defend them with a mother's last gasp."

"But that's why I came, ma'am."

"Compose yourself, Aurelia. Sergeant, let's get at the bottom of this."

"Papa, it was mademoiselle. She said Mary Cotton was a thief."

"What has she stolen?"

"Nothing, papa," said Elfrida, with dignity.

"She just took it," added Edwy.

"Papa, she stole Celine's blue sampler," said Ethelred.

"That wasn't stealing."

"It was."

"It wasn't."

"Listen to our babes, Adrian." Mrs. Brower ran and buried her face against her husband's shirt front with her fingers in her ears. "I can bear no more."

In this attitude she heard the sad tale. Mary and Hopkins with their charges having met, were walking placidly home together, when they unluckily encountered Celine with Ethelred. Fired with jealousy and rage, for Mary had on the offending blue gingham, Celine called a policeman and had Mary arrested as a thief.

"And that isn't all I can tell you, papa," said Elfrida. "Celine says Mary Cotton is a cannibal."

"Elfrida, you don't translate it right. She only meant that Mary Cotton was a baby-snatcher," corrected Edwy.

"I know better than anybody, papa. Celine told me. Mary Cotton is a lovering of Mr. Dwight, and she has gray hair, and he is young and awfully good-looking."

Unhappy Mrs. Adrain Brower, who groaned as if hit by a stone at every one of her innocent's words! But a horrible thought came to her. The newspapers!

"I am undone. Woe is me—I am undone. Adrain, take my purse. It always has more in it than yours. Buy up the press; buy up the police force. Don't let this thing get out. Save us, my husband—save your wife and children. And, Adrian, pack those people out of the house to-night. I won't see one of them again."

"Never you mind, Aurelia. I think these are my innings. It is about time I was taking a hand."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Adrian Brower, although he did not possess that flow of elegant language that distinguished his wife, was nevertheless a man of sense.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A DISCUSSION of long standing in social science considers whether or not a restaurant waiter is materially influenced by a fee. By "materially influenced" is meant, if he doesn't get a fee, does he serve a bad dinner? A New York waiter has lately expressed himself in the form of an interview upon this subject. He asks if it is reasonable to suppose that a *chef* who gets $3000 a year can be influenced by a waiter, through the bribe of the moiety of a ten-cent fee, to pass out a particularly choice cut, or to skim the especial goodness off a line of vegetables. Perhaps not. It is not the inability to procure proper food which overwhelms the restaurant diner who is in the habit of omitting a fee. It is the contempt of the person whom the giving or the withholding of a fee particularly affects. A man may have the best cut in the world, and yet in the presence of the unmitigated contempt of a capable and practiced waiter be without appetite and miserable. Only old stagers in the public dining-rooms know how always to escape such painful humiliation. They do it by giving a fee every time.

The same waiter who thus declares that he and his fellows are powerless to influence the conduct of a high-salaried kitchen says further that not only is the guild unable to make any return for a fee or punish the diner who withholds one, but the waiter himself, contrary to general belief, is a sufferer by reason of the grossest injustice, tyranny, and greed. By way of instance, he declares that the entire force of waiters of a certain Coney Island hotel are frequently in the dead of night, while sunk in earned and innocent slumber, washed out of their beds by the sea. Their employer gives them sleeping accommodations in the cellar, and the suffering that has been stated comes to them whenever there is a slightly exaggerated tide. This form of cruelty has not hitherto been known. Probably it is needed only to make it known in order to insure its abolition.

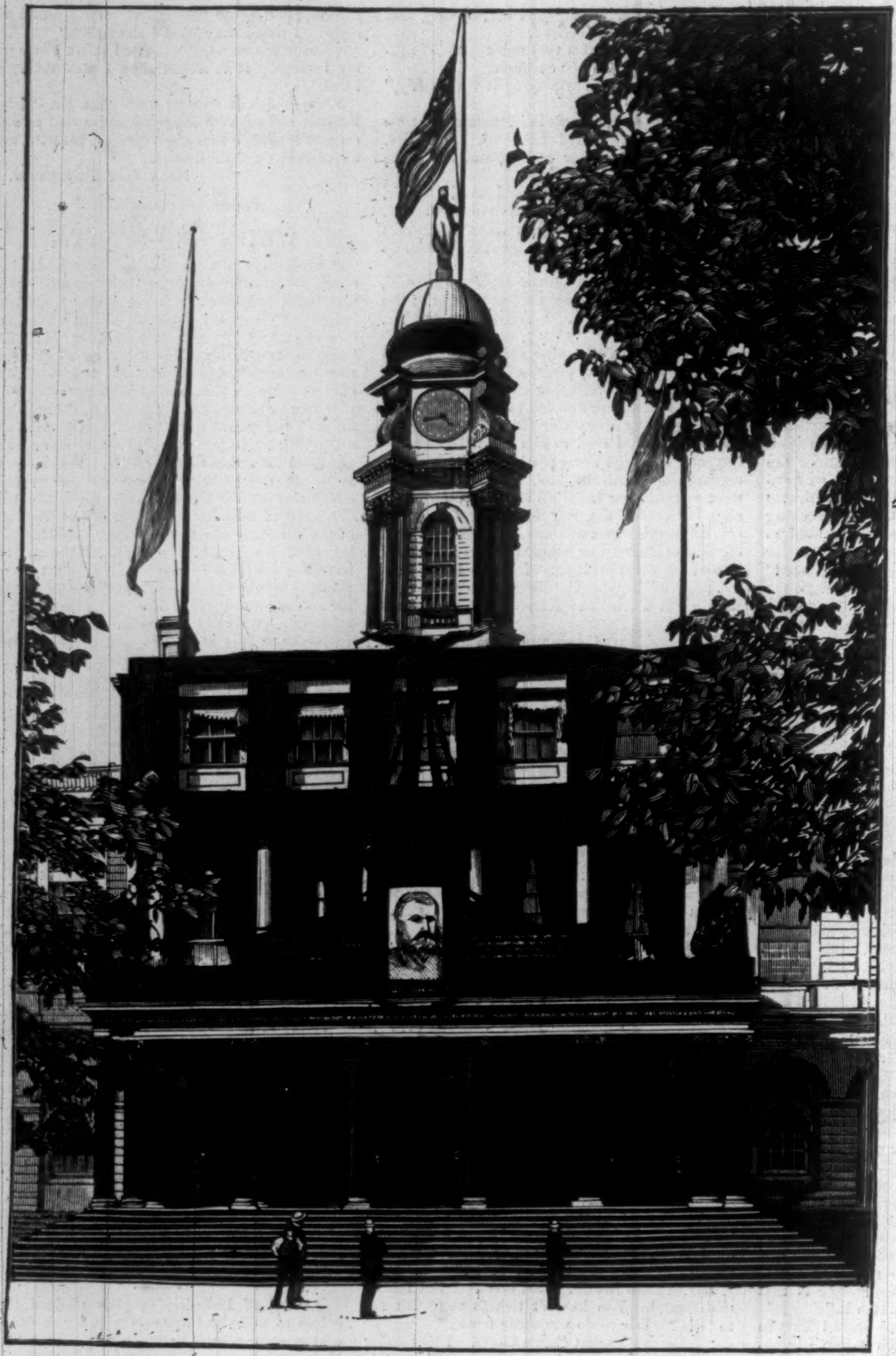
In Florida recently a weekly newspaper—office, type, good-will, and all—was sold for a consideration of one mule. One does not give away a mule for nothing, and it is probable that the newspaper also was a hard hitter.

It is said that a patent has been secured for an imitation of maple syrup. A patent of this sort is probably new. But imitations of maple syrup are not new, and it is to be suspected that those who have paid round sums for the privilege of tasting them are of the opinion that a strait-jacket would be a proper thing to award to the manufacturer rather than a patent.

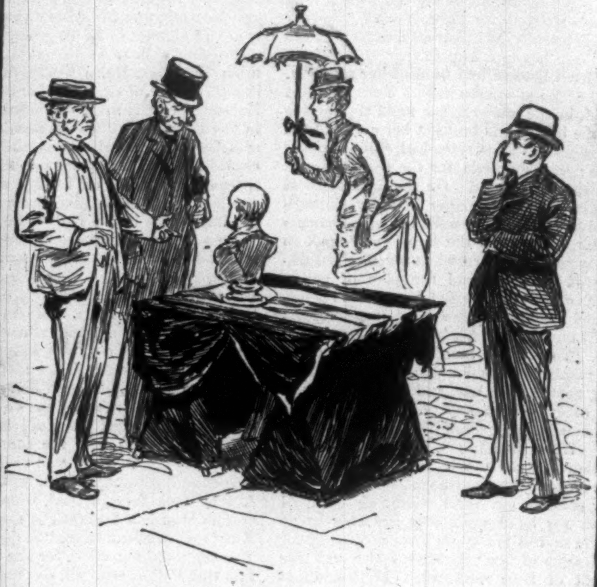
A club of Philadelphia girls pledged themselves to wear, and are now wearing at the several summer resorts to which they have gone, little imitations of the Liberty Bell. Their idea was to expose a token which should indicate clearly that they came from Philadelphia. They find, however, that they are generally looked upon as simply having paid a visit to the Centennial.

The Berlin Aquarium people have finally succeeded in the difficult task of getting some live herrings into their sea-water basin. The fish are very sensitive, it is said, and will not survive even the briefest exposure to the air. The captive fish had to be taken together with a considerable quantity of Baltic Sea water, and so conveyed to Berlin, and even with this care only ten of the nineteen caught survived. But in the matter of dead herrings no part of entire Germany has ever suffered any dearth, and throughout the empire herring salad has never been called for in vain. Possibly it is to the fact of the infrequency of a caught herring being alive that the term "dead as a herring" owes its origin.

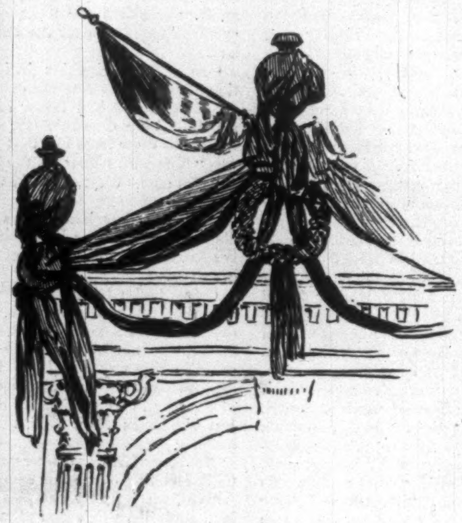
Some time ago a paragraph in this column noticed the growth in Grass Valley, California, of 860 kernels of wheat from a single kernel planted. Reading this, Mr. C. W. Redfern, of Whitehall, Michigan, wrote that he had a clump of fifty-five stalks grown from a single kernel, and averaging thirty kernels each, which would be 1650 kernels from the one. Notice of this prolific kernel went duly abroad, and caught the eye of Mr. Frederick P. Nutting, of Albany, Oregon, who sends the following, clipped from the *State Rights Democrat*, of which he is part proprietor. The item was printed on June 20, 1884, and Mr. Nutting vouches for its accuracy: "Monday: F. M. Miller, living near Jefferson, and one of Linn County's best farmers, came to our office with four of the most wonderful samples of wheat we have ever heard of. No. 1, an unknown kind of wheat, contained 196 stalks, all from one kernel; No. 2, the Hazel Club, 167 stalks, all from one kernel; No. 3, the Chilla Club, 124 stalks, all from one kernel; and No. 4, 92 stalks, all from one kernel. The wheat is in splendid condition, though not fully developed. Making a fair estimate from the number of kernels in the heads now, when ready for harvest, No. 1 would contain 12,900 kernels of wheat; No. 2, 10,000; No. 3, 9900; No. 4, 5500. The Chilla Club heads out the best, averaging nearly eighty to the head, while the others average about sixty, the unknown perhaps sixty-five, the last having a very long head, with the meshes somewhat scattered.



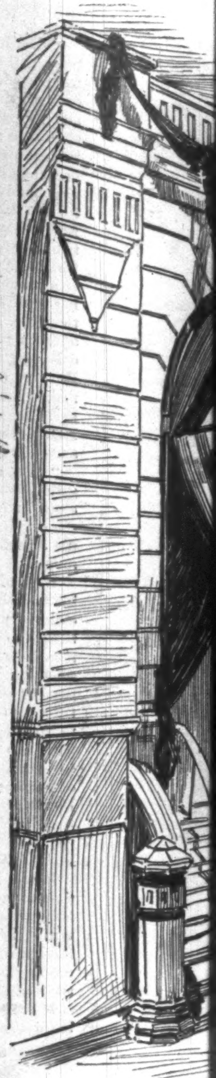
THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.



"BUSTS OF GRANT FOR SALE."



IN FIFTH AVENUE.



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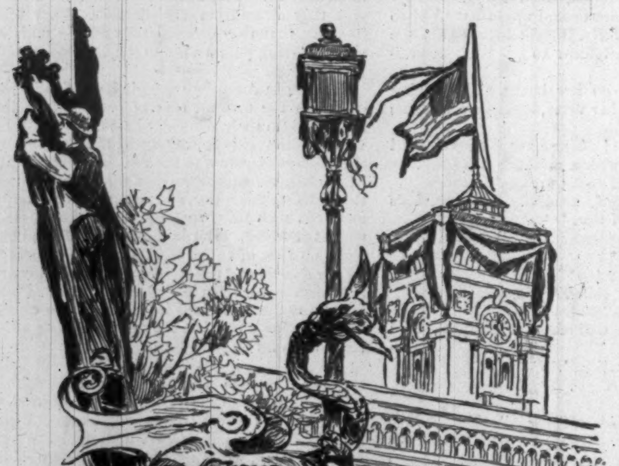
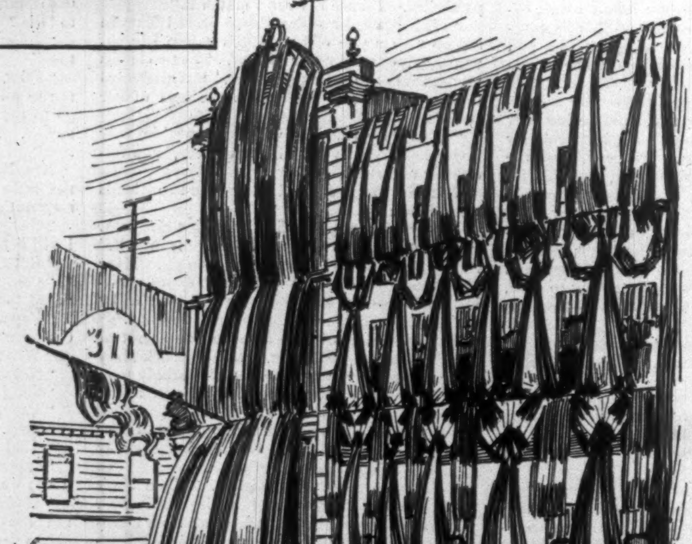


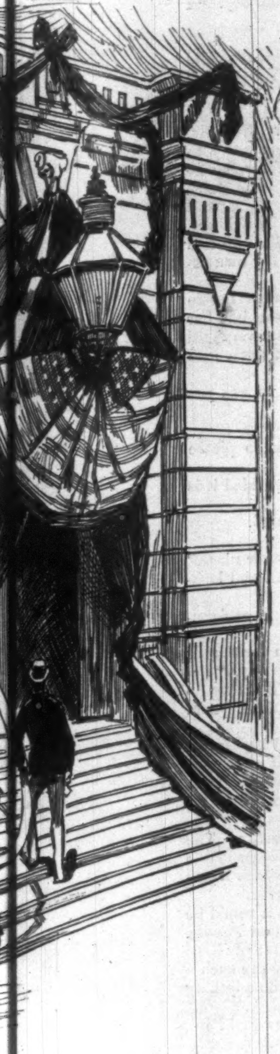
THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.



FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

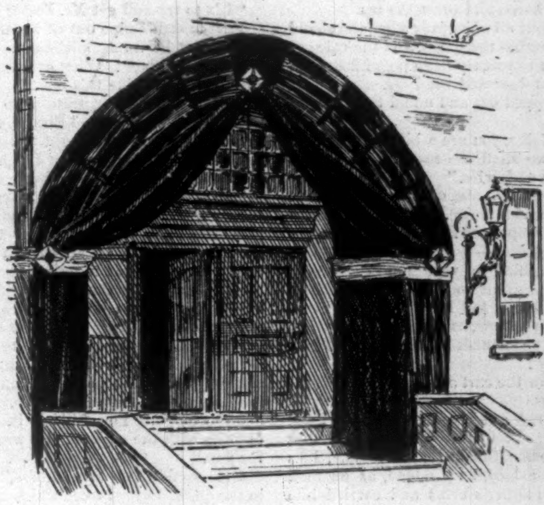
SAVINGS-BA

THE METROPOLIS IN MOURNING.—From Sketches by W.

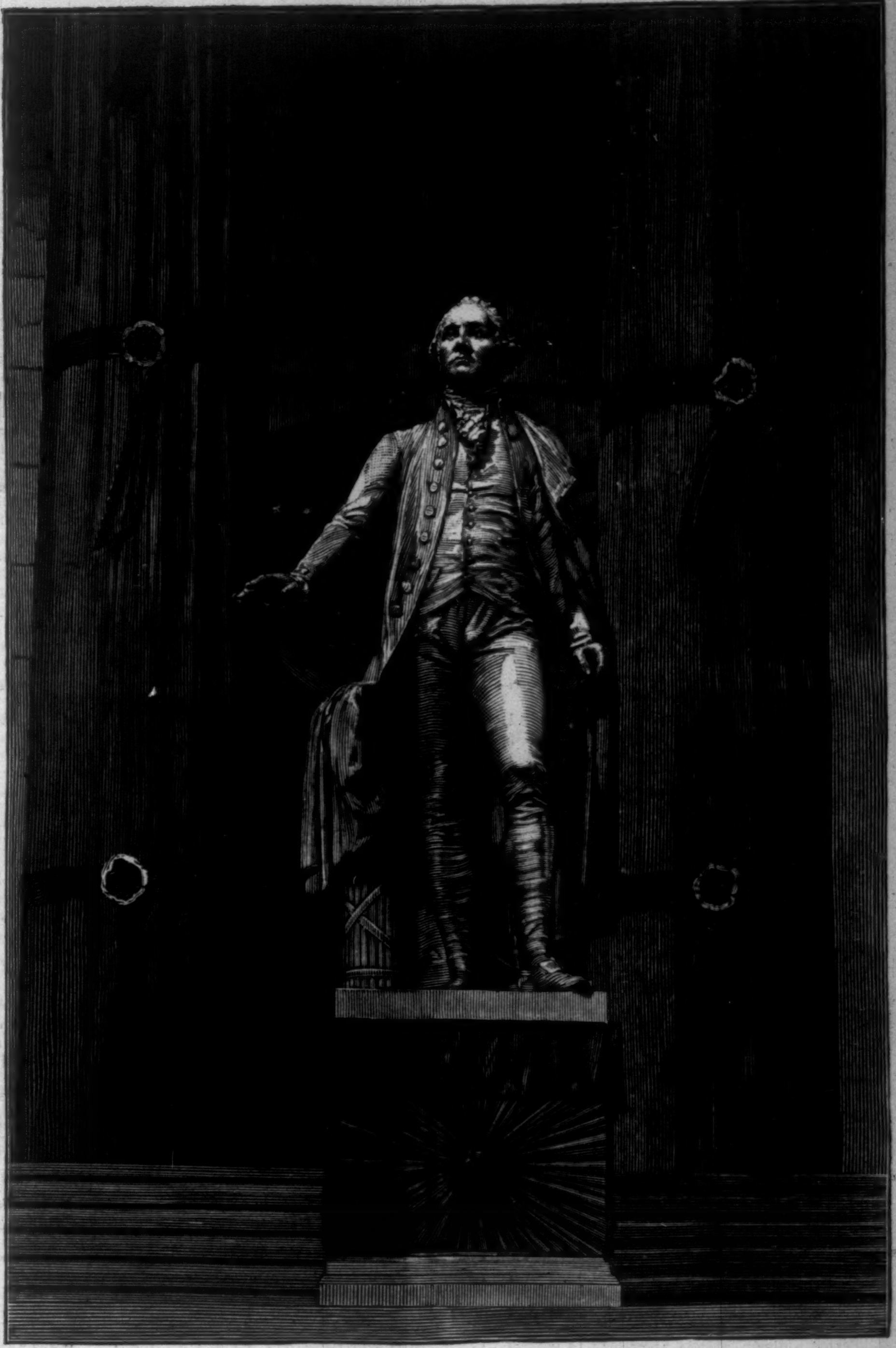


...KLYN GAS COMPANY.

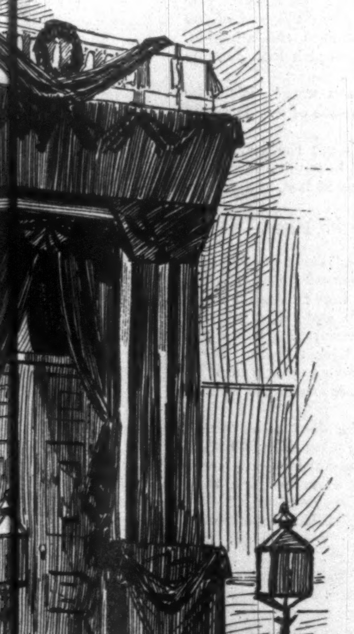
MAKING DECORATIONS.



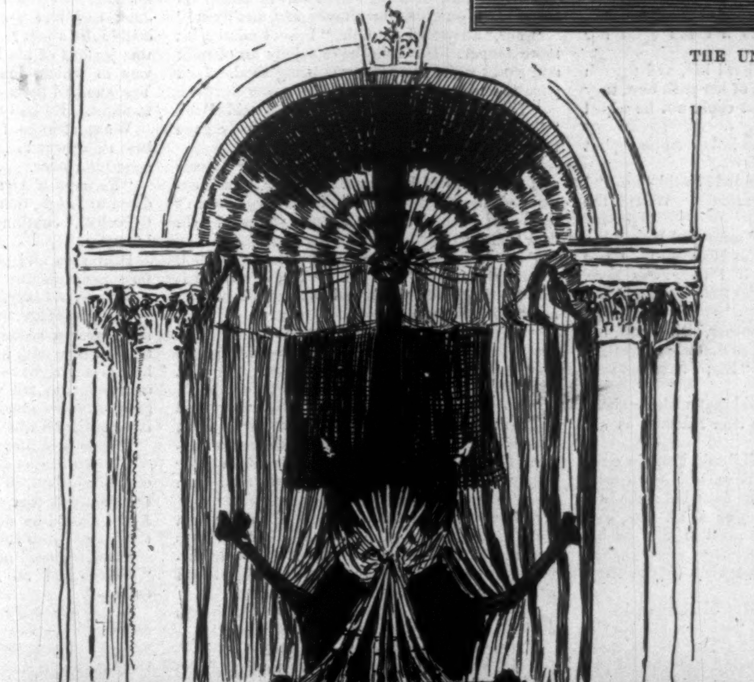
HAMILTON CLUB, BROOKLYN.



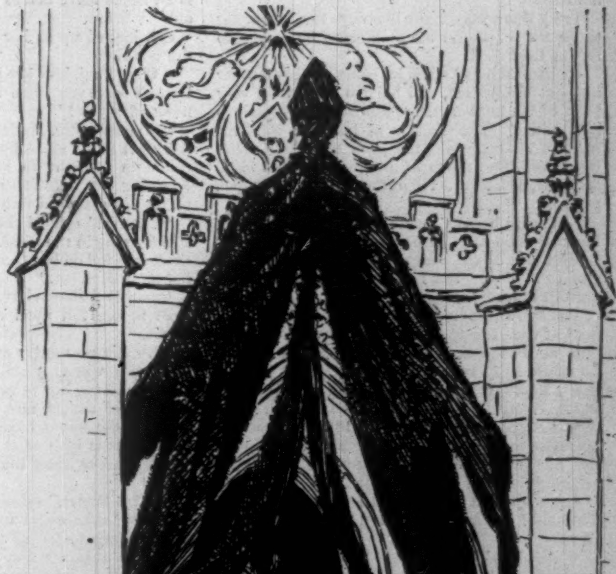
THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY, WALL STREET.



...BANK, SOUTH BROOKLYN.



THE "MUTUAL LIFE" BUILDING.



GRACE CHURCH.

...SNYDER AND W. P. BODFISH, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

June had come to a close with thunder-storms and chill weather.

There had been a wreck upon the point, and Paul and Foster had had work to do over it.

They had been glad to have work, although it had not been work of the most exciting kind.

There had been no wreckers about, for the weather had not been determinedly bad enough to tempt them forth, and as for smugglers, there had not been even a suspicion of them ever since that night in February that Paul would not remember.

Still, even a wreck, although there was no prowess needed to save lives, was something, and gave the blood a chance to get stirred up better than by looking out to sea through the big telescope, or catching shrimps on the sands. The men had both been pleased to work.

But the black weather was all over now, and the summer had shone forth warmer than ever.

It was a July evening. Just such an evening as that one on which Paul Crew had gone to meet Phœbe Mallett along the path by the dike, and had asked her to be his wife when they got to the pines on the crest of the hill.

Paul stood on the threshold of his cottage just as he had done then, smoking his evening pipe, and looking toward the marsh in expectancy of some one who did not come.

It was the same some one who had delayed on that evening.

He remembered, as he stood there, that he had waited—scarcely even acknowledging to himself that he was waiting—watching for some one who had gone by two hours ago to the town, and who he knew must come back the same way.

That was six years ago.

What a happy six years they had been!

He mused upon them and all they had brought to him, as he looked out across the shining summer fields of the "level" to the road upon the hill yonder, where she should be coming.

For this time she would not be coming along the foot-path by the dike, where she had come that day. She would be coming along the road in a cart, for she was not alone; Johnnie was with her, and Foster had gone to take care of them both.

Foster had to go into town on some business or other, and so it had been arranged that he should drive Phœbe and the little lad in the spring-cart.

Paul had settled the matter himself. Foster was such a good fellow, so fond of the little chap, so patient with him, and so kind and respectful to women.

It wasn't every fellow who behaved as Foster behaved toward a woman, and Paul liked to see folk show consideration to his wife.

He admired her, and was so proud of her himself that he liked other people to admire her too, and to treat her like the best lady in the land.

Some of the fellows were rough and ready with their jokes toward Phœbe. She always kept them pretty sharply in order, but Paul did not like to see it, nevertheless.

Foster, however, always knew how to behave with proper consideration, and if there had been anything wanting to make Paul the fonder of his friend, it would have been this behavior toward his wife.

Truly there were many blessings to count along these six years and more since he had come to live at Rockhead.

He had been sad when he came, for his mother had but lately died, and he had been very, very fond of his mother. But how fast the blessings had fallen! The winning of his dear wife, the birth of his little son, the growth of their excellence, and the growth of his love for them both, and now, of late, this friendship which he so much prized.

How glad he was that he had not been afraid, but had done what he had done for Jack Foster!

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and began to refill it. But the change of position reminded him of the flight of time.

The sun had sunk quite away. Even the redness of the after-glow upon the pine-tops and the hills above the marsh had faded now. It must be nearly supper-time.

He took out his watch. Surely enough, so it was. What could have happened to them?

The supper was all to get ready, and it would be something very new for Phœbe if she allowed her husband to be kept waiting for supper for anything but the gravest reason.

She knew that he was fond of punctuality, and, bless her! she had never given him cause to complain.

Well, she should see that he was not going to complain at the very first opportunity.

Something unavoidable must have kept them, but, he tried to think, not something serious, since Foster was with them, who surely knew how to take care of a woman and a child.

He would keep himself cool by going in and preparing the supper himself.

Paul was no fool at such work. He raked the fire together, and lit it up, and put the kettle on for tea, and cut the rashers of bacon ready to fry when the coals should be hot enough and the company ready.

Then he went out again, and as the gloaming was falling fast, and he could not stifle a certain sense of uneasiness, he locked the cottage door, put the key in his pocket, and hastened up the path toward the village.

As he was crossing the bridge across the dike, two women came up behind him, talking low and earnestly, as women often do talk, even on the most trivial matters.

"He'll live to rue it, you believe me," said one. "I should never have thought a man could have been such a fool, and he such a sharp, wise body over other matters."

"It's often the way with those good-natured men," answered the other. "But maybe there isn't so much in it as you fancy. You haven't much to go on, you know."

"No," said the first speaker; "but one can't help one's thoughts, though. I suppose some folk would say one oughtn't to speak them."

The women passed by as the last words were spoken.

"Good-evening," said Paul to them, in his hearty, cheery voice. "It's a nice, fine evening, isn't it?"

The woman who had last spoken started, and took hold of her companion's arm hastily. "Lord 'a mercy!" she whispered, and then she began to laugh, nervously.

"Hush! will you?" said the other, harshly; and then to Paul, with a little nod, she answered: "It is a beautiful evening, Mr. Crew. I hope you and your good wife are enjoying it."

"Yes, thank you," said Paul, passing them this time, and beginning to climb the hill with a rapid step.

He did not tell the women that his wife was not at home at the moment. He would not have been able to say why he had not told them if he had been asked, but somehow he did not.

He hurried on up the hill.

He had to pass the door of Widow Mallett's cottage as he went—that poor dark little cottage whence he had taken his beautiful wife six years ago come Lady-day.

He knocked at the door, and went in. Phœbe's mother sat by the window, with a handful of stockings in her lap that she had been straining her eyes to mend in the waning daylight.

But the last ray of light was gone now, and she leaned back in her chair, snatching the few minutes' rest that she allowed herself before it was time to light the lamp and wash up the supper things.

She was alone.

Of all the children that it had seemed so hard to provide for when Phœbe made that good match, which she could not but be thankful for in spite of her misgivings at the time, there was not one but had taken flight from the nest.

Paul Crew had been such a good and generous brother-in-law.

He had helped them all.

It was through him that the boys had got work, through him that Phœbe's sister had had better schooling than ever his own wife had had—not that he seemed to mind whether his wife was a scholar or not. The ground was never good enough for her to walk on even now, after they had been married six years.

Widow Mallett was glad to think that all her misgivings had been ill-founded. Not that she had ever feared short-comings in Paul—nor in Phœbe either, excepting those of youthful inexperience.

But that time was past. Phœbe was a woman now, and had learned the duties of life, and learned them well.

Her mother's anxious heart might well be at rest.

And yet, as she leaned back there, one would almost have said there was a cloud upon her brow still.

But then she had had a hard life, and though the thorns were cleared out of her path now, they must needs leave marks that could not be wiped out.

She looked up as her son-in-law came in, but did not rise.

"Why, Paul, how are you, lad?" said she. "I haven't seen you these three days. What's the news with you?"

"No news, Mrs. Mallett," answered he. "We don't get much news down at Rockhead. I just called in to-night to see if Phœbe was here. Knowing you weren't so very well, I thought she might have stepped in to see."

"Phœbe!" echoed the mother, rising now, but still keeping in the window, so that whatever light there was fell on her face. "No; I have not seen her since Monday."

One would almost have said that a whiter shade than before fell upon her thin features as she spoke.

"Oh, it's no matter at all," said Paul, in quite his usual voice. "She's been into town with Foster and the boy to get the little lad some new shoes and things, and they're a bit late, so I thought she might have stopped in here on her way. But it isn't of the slightest consequence. Women never know the time when they're shopping."

"With Foster," echoed Mrs. Mallett again.

"Yes," answered Paul. "So you see they're certain sure to be all right. There's no cause whatever to be put out. Only I thought I'd just walk up the road to meet them. So I'll wish you good-night. She'll be round to-morrow."

He stepped to the door as he spoke, and with another nod went out.

As he turned at the corner he saw that the widow had followed him outside, and was watching him from her threshold.

"Poor old soul! I've gone and frightened her," said Paul to himself. "I wish I hadn't gone in."

A sound of wheels came along the lane. "There they are," continued he. "I might have waited another five minutes before I went and worried her."

But the wheels were not the wheels he wanted.

It was young Farmer Wills who sat in the gig that passed presently, jolting and driving along at a furious rate.

"What, Paul Crew!" cried he, pulling up for a moment. "I saw your wife just now on the road with that fellow Foster."

"Oh, I'm glad of that," said Paul. "I asked my mate to drive her into town this afternoon, as he was going, to buy a few things she wanted, but I was beginning to get just a trifle fidgety for fear something might have happened."

"Well, maybe you weren't so far wrong," laughed the young man, with a laugh that wasn't altogether pleasant.

"What do you mean?" asked Paul. "Was there aught amiss with my wife or my child?"

"No, no," replied the other, hastily. "Only their nag had fallen lame, so they said, and they had been delayed a bit; but they'll be on presently. Good-night to you."

The farmer whipped his horse, and was soon out of sight down the hill.

Paul sighed a sigh of relief as he looked after him.

What a fool he had been!

Now that the delay was explained, he was ashamed to think that he had been uneasy; for when the anxiety was past he knew that he *had* been anxious.

Well, at all events, he would not let Phœbe know that he had been anxious. It might distress or vex her, and spoil her pleasure in going on another such little spree another time.

They would be in presently now, and he would go back and wait for her at home.

He just called in at the mother-in-law's cottage again to tell her that it was all right, and then he walked quickly down the hill and back to his own home.

What unreasonble creatures women were! Positively Mrs. Mallett had not even said or given it to be understood that her mind was at rest again, now that he had told her it was all right.

He unlocked the door, and lit the lights, and began to cook the bacon and brew the tea.

It was just about all of it ready when the sound of wheels came across the green, and the voice of Foster urging on the weary little horse floated in through the open door and windows.

Then Paul stepped out and undid the latch of the gate.

"Well, good folks, you are a bit late," he called out. "But we shall see to-night who cooks supper best, you or I, wife."

"Oh, Paul," cried Phœbe, out of the darkness, in an eager, anxious voice. "I'm afraid you must have been impatient! We got delayed in town getting—getting—"

"Getting something for you," put in Foster, in a less perfectly pleasant voice than his usual one. "And then the horse fell lame going up Prate Hill; stumbled on a stone, as luck would have it."

"It was very unfortunate," continued Phœbe. "I'm so, so sorry!"

She stood up in the cart as she spoke, with the child in her arms.

"Impatient! not a bit of it," laughed Paul. "Only a bit hungry, and I'll warrant you're that too. Come, give me the little lad. Why, he's more than half asleep," he added, as he took him out of his mother's arms and carried him into the cottage.

And from within he called back, "Look sharp and bring the wife in, Jack."

The child awoke as he put him down. "I've got my new shoes," he said, sleepily. "Just like a man's, with laces."

"That's right," laughed the father. "I *thought* you were more of a man than to fall asleep on the road. You want your supper now, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Johnnie, "I don't mind a bit more supper. But I did have a jolly lot of milk and cakes while the pony was being shod. Jack gave them me."

"That was very kind of Jack," said Paul. "But *I'm* hungry all the same. Nobody gave me any milk and cakes."

Phœbe hurried in as he spoke, with her parcels and purchases in her arms. "There, now!" exclaimed she, in a distressed tone. "If you haven't been and cooked all the supper yourself! Oh dear! oh dear!"

Paul laughed his merriest laugh. "Well, what's the odds?" said he. "You've cooked it for me these five years and more. There's no harm done for once."

"Well, no, not for once," agreed she, trying to get back her usual manner, which seemed somehow strangely to have deserted her. "And it sha'n't happen again; that I can promise you."

"No need of promises, old woman," answered Paul. "You *can't* promise that a horse won't shed his shoe, or some other like unforeseen accident happen. Of course whatever is in your power I don't want you to tell me you'll both promise and perform."

"Oh yes, Paul, dear Paul," cried Phœbe, with a tremble in her voice and a tremble in her hands too, as she laid aside her bonnet and came forward with outstretched arms toward him, "that I will. You may reckon on me."

"I've no fear," replied he. "But come, where's Jack? I want my supper. I'm famished."

Phœbe turned aside.

"Mr. Foster is not coming in to-night," she said, in an altered tone.

"Not coming in!" repeated Paul, stepping to the door and looking out. "Why, what's the matter?"

Foster had taken out the pony, and was tying up the harness, ready to lead him to the stable.

"Never mind that now, lad," said Paul. "Come in and have your supper first. You must be as famished as I am."

"No, I won't come in to supper to-night, thank you, man," answered Foster. "I am not hungry. I'll just put the pony up for you, for the poor beast's wearied out, and then I'll turn in and have a bit of bread and cheese at home."

"Well, as you like, mate," answered Paul.

And for once in his life he did not go any further in pressing his friend to come in to a meal.

"I hope you and Jack haven't had any words," he said to his wife when he went in. "The lad seems so strange to-night."

Phœbe sat at the table, not eating herself, but urging Johnnie to finish his supper.

The child was so sleepy that he did not seem able to get the bacon down.

She did not look up at her husband's question.

"Come, Johnnie," she kept saying. "Finish it up quickly, and then you shall go to bed."

"I don't want any more," insisted the boy. "I had my tea such a little while ago."

Phœbe rose half impatiently.

"Come along, then," she said, and led the child off quickly into the inner room. "You begin," she said to Paul. "I'll be back again."

Paul began to eat. Could his surmise be correct, and had those two had a quarrel? But why, and what about? He should be very sorry to think that they had. He longed to know, but he did not press the question when Phœbe came back.

He finished his supper quietly, as she did hers. But when the supper things were washed up and cleared away, Phœbe came to him of her own accord.

She came and sat down on the floor beside him while he smoked his pipe, and she laid her head on his knee, and for a while sat very still and silent, while he stroked her hair tenderly with his rough hand.

"Paul," said she at last, "I want to ask you something."

"Yes, dear; what is it?" said he.

"It's something I want you to do to please me."

"Well, then, I'm sure I'll do it—provided it is possible for me."

"I think it's possible," she murmured.

"What is it?"

"It's tô try and get Mr. Foster another place."

Paul took his pipe out of his mouth and looked down at her in astonishment.

"Another place! What ever for?" he exclaimed. "Don't he like this one?"

"I think he is very grateful to you for having got it for him," answered Phœbe, evasively. "I'm sure he is; and so he ought to be. But they do say the chief mate down at Leigh is dead. And of course that would be a rise."

"Yes, it would be a rise," assented he, after a pause. "But it would be a good bit more of a rise than Jack can hope for yet awhile. Folk mustn't expect to go ahead just that way. He hasn't been here six months."

Paul spoke just the merest trifle testily. The request seemed to him rather an unreasonable one on the part of his friend, for of course it was Foster who had put Phœbe up to asking.

"No; I know he hasn't. I know it would be almost too much to expect," murmured Phœbe, in the same low, tremulous voice. "But you have done so much. You could do it. You're such a favorite with the captain. He would do anything for you."

"He wouldn't do *that*, Phœbe," answered Paul, in the quiet, decided voice which he used but rarely, but when he did use it always used it with effect. "He wouldn't do it, and I wouldn't ask him."

Phœbe was silent. She recognized the tone, and knew that it was final. Only after a while she sighed deeply.

Paul was sorely puzzled. He was afraid that his fear was well founded, and that Phœbe and Jack had had words about something. What could it be about? The child? Of course. She was jealous of his love for the child, and of the way in which Johnnie returned the affection. Yes, she had been almost snappish with Johnnie to-night. He had noticed it.

What strange folk women were! Well, the best thing was to take no notice of it. It would soon blow over.

"Perhaps if you couldn't get the good place down at Leigh, there might be some under place to be had," continued Phœbe at last, in a reflective voice.

Paul rose and put down his pipe. This was past comprehension.

"Come, old lady," he said, "that's not like you. What advantage would a second place at Leigh have over a second place here? Jack's much happier here with his friends, and I don't see that he has any right to look for anything better just at present, to tell you the honest truth. It's a good berth—enough for a man to marry on if he is careful, and what more does any fellow want?"

Phœbe was silent.

"If you are so anxious for Jack to leave us," continued Paul, in a half-joking voice, "I shall have to think that you and he have had a quarrel. And I should be downright sorry to think that, for friends once should be friends always."

"Oh, no, no," said the girl, half impatiently. "We've had no quarrel. Why should we? Only—"

"Only you don't feel just so kindly toward him as you did two or three hours ago? I can see, my girl; I can see. There, never mind. It 'll blow over. But just you make it up with him to-morrow morning. You oughtn't to let any little jealousies come in between such a good friendship as that."

"Jealousies?" repeated Phœbe.

"Yes. I can tell fast enough what it is. But you mustn't let it grow, dear. I'm sure *I'm* glad to see the fellow so doting fond of our little chap as he is. I know it's different with a mother, but still— You mind my words, and don't you let it grow."

Phœbe turned away, and walked to the window.

"There, I can't bear to find a bit of fault with you," said Paul, quite penitently following her, and drawing her head back on to his breast. "It's so rare I've ever had to do it I'm not in practice. And, to be sure, this isn't much," added he, with a little laugh. "But I want you to make it up with the lad. You tell him to-morrow you weren't quite yourself to-night, and didn't mean what you

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1490.

said. You'll be better friends than ever after it. They do say it takes a quarrel to make people the best of friends, just as they say a baby never grows till it's had a tumble. But there, we haven't wanted any tumbles, nor any quarrels either, to make *our* love fast, have we, beauty?"

"Oh, no, no," cried the girl, turning round suddenly and clasping him round the neck with an eager, passionate, pitiful gesture, as of one clinging to a rock in some sudden and unforeseen peril. "We have always been tender and true to one another. We always will be tender and true to one another, dear, dear Paul. Won't we? Oh, help me to be good—quite, quite good! You are such a good man. You can help me to be good. Keep me always, always beside you. Never leave me. Then I shall always be good."

She pressed herself close, closer than ever, to his breast, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, why; hush, hush, sweetheart," murmured Paul, soothing her with kisses and tender caresses as best he knew how. "Don't take on so. Why, bless her heart! I don't want her any better than she is. Isn't she the very best wife that ever a man had? Don't cry, beauty. She's tired, that's what it is. There, there."

He rested his head upon hers as it lay upon his breast, and kept it there, as though trying to stifle her sobs by its pressure.

And thus, holding her fast and tenderly, he stood a long while, looking out through the little lattice casement to the solemn, star-lit sky and calm expanse of lonely marsh-land, till her sorrow grew quiet, and her heart beat once more peacefully against his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF GENERAL GRANT.

The eminence at the northern extremity of Riverside Park, in New York city, which General Grant's tomb and monument will make the shrine of a perpetual pilgrimage, commands one of the finest of the many fine views on the Hudson River. Its combination of prominence and seclusion makes it an ideal resting-place for one of the three great heroes of the republic, and neither Washington's nor Lincoln's tomb has so commanding a site.

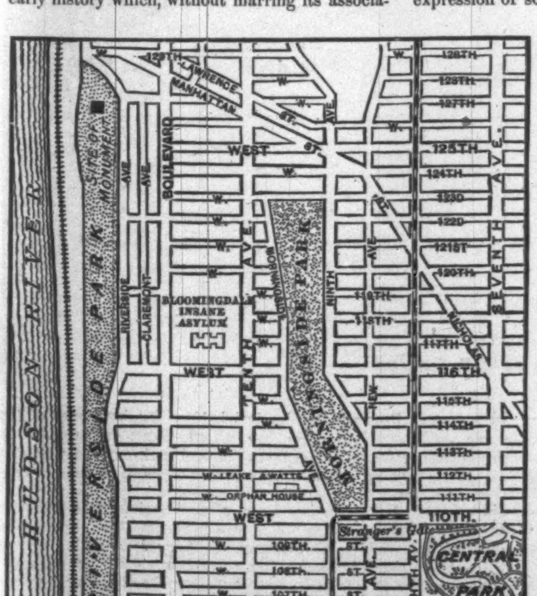
The Park, which is really only a drive, and which will now possibly be rechristened Grant Park, is a strip of land of an average width of less than 500 feet, extending along the river from Seventy-second Street to the point where One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Street would touch the river if it were cut through. A series of gentle elevations, each a little more abrupt than the last, leads from the south to the summit of the hill, on the north and west of which are abrupt descents for 150 feet. The drive has not been greatly frequented, because it has but recently been laid out, and the young maples do not yet cast a shade on it in the afternoon. The city acquired the property in 1872, and the road-builder and the gardener have not yet quite finished their work. But no other drive about New York commands such views.

From the point where the land begins to rise high above the water's edge a stone wall guards the drive, and down below it is the thickly wooded margin of the river. The rich men of the Revolutionary period appreciated the beauties of the place, and built their country-seats there, which were then seven or eight miles from the city. Several of these old country houses are yet standing. With them on one side and the river on the other, at almost any point you drive on ground that has historical associations, and commands a grand view of the historic river. The Park widens at the eminence where General Grant will be buried, and the whole summit of the hill within the elliptical drive where the grave and monument will be comprises five or six acres. Nature's own shaping of the place has not been disturbed. A cluster of native hemlocks and beeches stands there, and the gardener has yet done no work. There is nothing on the hill, nor has it any recent associations, to divide attention with the great name that will hereafter be linked with it.

Yet the place calls up old stories of life in our early history which, without marring its association with General Grant's name and fame, make a background of tradition that is not unpleasing. The Claremont House, which was built in the last century and is yet standing, is very near the spot where the monument will be. Its frame-work is that of its first building, but it has been enlarged, and of late it has done service as a hotel for those who have been wise enough to enjoy from the dinner table perhaps the finest and certainly one of the most sweeping views commanded from any point in the city. Nearly a hundred years ago it was the residence of Lord Courtney, who afterward became Earl of Devon. Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Thomas Jefferson, and General Schuyler all enjoyed its hospitality, and the tradition is that Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, once resided in the house. Between it and the river there is a plain marble block erected to the memory of "an amiable child, St. Claire Pollock, died 15 July 1797, in the fifth year of his age," who, it is believed, was the child of English friends of Lord Courtney, and died while they were visiting him. This little grave will be a tender reminder of the early history of the place.

From the spot where the great General will lie the river and both its shores are visible to the north for twenty miles, the heights on one side at a distance and the Palisades on the other. Diagonally across is Fort Lee. To the south the opposite shore, with its series of picturesque landscapes, is visible till it slopes down to Jersey City. Along the river to the northeast the Boulevard can be seen, and in front as you look northward are the tall stacks of the breweries, which, with the noise of street cars and wagons at the foot of the hill, recall the fact that the Park is in the busy city. Along the foot of the hill on the river side the Hudson River Railroad extends, and it is expected that a station will be built there.

From the river at any point above Jersey City on the south, from any of the adjacent hills on the Jersey coast, and from any point for twenty miles to the north, the monument will be not only visible but conspicuous. The traveller on the river can see it for nearly two hours. While, therefore, the tomb of the hero will be in the city, easily accessible by the drive, by the elevated road and street cars, or by the railroad, it will at the same time be an addition to the great historic objects that make the Hudson no less attractive to the student of our history than to the artist. It is a commanding site for the grave of the great commander.



NEW YORK IN MOURNING.

The display of symbols of mourning in this city began to be made on the afternoon of the day of General Grant's death, and a week later the work of what seemed almost in promise the literal draping of the city was still going on. Never before, not even when expression was given in the same way to the general grief over Abraham Lincoln's death, was New York so clad with emblems of sorrow. No comparison that is odious can be made in this case. It is not that the grief of to-day is more keen for the loss of him who was a fellow-citizen as well as a great hero than that which was felt in the loss of the great President. The reason for the present display is that the city is much more populous as well as more wealthy, and, furthermore, the people long expected the event, and had months in which to prepare for it.

On every hand, in every street, no matter how small or obscure, the black-edged flags, the portraits framed in sable cloth, the streamers and festoons of black and white and the national colors hanging at half-mast, confront the gaze. Hardly could there be in Paris a greater variety and tastefulness than is displayed in the arrangement of the drapery that flutters before the house-fronts, and depends from cornices, balconies, and projections of every sort, so as to almost give the long lines of wall an unsteady and unsubstantial appearanee. The decoration of some of the public buildings and larger business houses is very beautiful. The churches, too, nearly all add to the general display, with varying degrees of artistic effect, and, for the mere expression of sorrow by means of drapery without attempt at ornament or costliness, there is no quarter of the city so poor or woebegone but claims a share in the general demonstration.

We have not yet heard of any one who has gone so far as that publican in Bleecker Street who, in 1865, painted his house with alternate broad bands of black and white, that remained long after all other traces of the general display of that time had vanished, but the present demonstration has been distinguished by an instance quite as unique and much more admirable. It is that of the poor colored boot-black who has a little house for shelter from sun and rain on an up-town west-side corner. With the little means at his command he has decked his tiny box-like building with black cambric, and nailed upon the front of it this legend, painted in rude characters by himself:

He Helped to Set Me Free.

This case is unique only in the quaint manner in which the man's grief found expression. We could not make room for the names of those other men of the same race who have made some outward demonstration of their grief. Nor could we tell in detail of the thousands of poor sewing-girls, clerks, apprentices, and laborers who have hung out on tenement window-frames and shutters the little bands of black, the rosettes, and the cheap wood-cuts of the dead soldier's face that we see in the quarters where they live, taking small coins from scanty savings to make the display, yet making it with as much pride in their sorrow for the dead and their loyalty to the principles the hero fought to establish as the richest mourner in the city. Not to be overlooked, either, are the flags, portraits, and mottoes which crippled men and men bent with years, as well as still stalwart men of middle age, wearing the slouch hats peculiar to the Grand Army of the Republic, nailed up on their dwellings, while strong emotion hindered them in the work. Doubtless every one of these, as he finished his task, thought of the greater testimonial to their affection for their old commander their comrades from every Northern State would unite in by participation in the great procession to the Riverside tomb.

All day long for many days crowds of persons stood before the City Hall watching the decorators as they transformed that handsome and almost ancient building into the beautiful temple of mourning it gradually became. Other public buildings are expensively and tastefully draped, but none so completely and tastefully as this. It was a bold and skillful climber who volunteered his services to clothe the tall poles and to circle the tower with black, as well as to place in tall Liberty's outstretched hand the wreath she held out, as if to let it fall upon the casket as it entered the building. It is needless to say that he was a sailor. Very tasteful indeed is the draping of the Municipal Department Building in Brooklyn—a series of bands of black cloth stretched close to the white marble between the windows and curtains in the windows, caught apart in the centre so as to leave a diamond-shaped space for lighting the interior. The Sub-Treasury building in Wall Street is beautifully decorated within and without. The great pillars of the portico are covered with black cloth, and the massive stone abutments on either side of the steps, as well as the pedestal of the statue of Washington, are hid behind panels of shirred black cashmere. But these buildings are mentioned only as the most striking examples of the taste displayed in decoration; all the public buildings of the Federal and city governments in New York and its suburbs display the same signs of mourning.

Wall Street from end to end is black with crape, and from the Bowling Green to that neighborhood where Broadway begins to lose its character as the great business thoroughfare of the city, the sable ribbons flutter before almost every building. Where the route of the funeral procession leaves Broadway and follows Fifth Avenue, the notable buildings are beautifully decorated; but, unfortunately, the greater number of the dwelling-houses are bare of drapery, because the householders are in the country and the houses are locked up and empty. A few of the displays that are particularly worthy of mention are those of the Post-office, Trinity Church, whose porch is decked with national flags bound with crape, Grace Church, the porch of which is prettily decked with black cloth, Dr. Taylor's church, with its three Gothic arches made to frame panels of sable cloth, the Union League Club building, which is beautifully decorated with black cloth and flags on both its fronts, the great women's shopping stores on Sixth Avenue, whose façades are almost hid behind drapery, the great Mills Building, which is similarly clad in black, the Mutual Life Insurance building on Nassau Street, the Equitable and Trinity buildings, the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hoffman House, the *Tribune* and the *Times* buildings, and of the stores, particularly along the route of the procession, far too many to mention. A case which well illustrates the universality of the desire to pay tribute to the hero's memory is that of French's Hotel. This once famous hostelry has long been closed, the owners are in litigation, and no amount of money has been able to open its doors to any business enterprise; but when the news of General Grant's death came the differing heirs became harmonious in the desire to have the old building decorated, and so it took its place once again among its neighbors.

THE CHILDREN'S WREATH.

On the day after General Grant's death his granddaughter Julia—the daughter of Colonel Grant—and the children of Dr. Douglas, gathered a quantity of oak leaves in the grove near the cottage. With the help of the nurse, the children fashioned these into a wreath, and laid it upon the General's breast. Little Julia Grant was afflicted afresh by finding, two or three days afterward, that the leaves of which the garland was composed had begun to wither. But she was re-assured by the promise that the wreath should be preserved from further decay, and should lie upon the coffin and be buried with her grandfather.

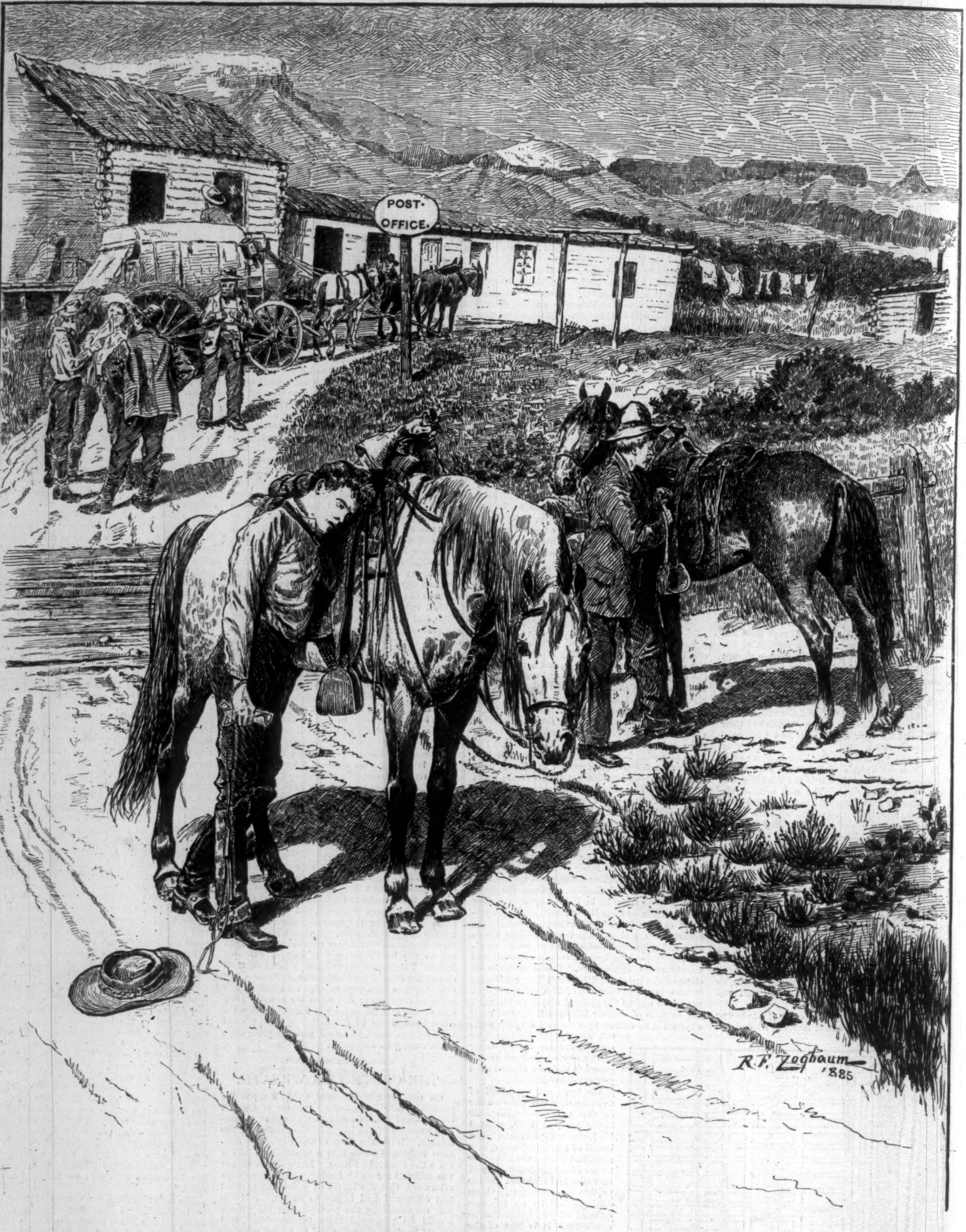
AN EASTERN PRISON.

The Zanjir-Khana (literally "the House of Chains") in a Persian town is a place seldom visited by Europeans. The jail is an apparently insecure structure, having a mud wall about ten feet high. Half a dozen soldiers occupy the gateway; their unloaded muskets are piled in a corner. Three of the men are asleep under rugs. The other three, the guard on duty, are warming their hands over a small earthen pot full of live charcoal. Each man is provided with what is termed a *shisht-per*, a heavy bludgeon surmounted by an iron head having six projections—a simple weapon, but one with which you might stun an ox. The sentry salutes on seeing a European, and immediately seizes one of the rusty muskets. He calls to the jailer, who is a hungry-looking man in a dirty cloth coat. We have come to see the jail; and this man, the governor of the prison, has no objection, for he knows he will get a fee, and by fees he lives—fees from the prisoners, fees from the friends of the prisoners, fees perhaps from their enemies. We tell him it is our wish to explore the prison, at which the jailer is very much surprised. "Go inside?" he says—"inside?" "Yes." We point out that the peep we have of the interior of the House of Chains does not satisfy us; for till now we have been merely looking through a square opening, which shows us a court-yard, on the sunny side of which are basking some five-and-thirty men, who look like villagers. "Bismillah! you are welcome; you Europeans are ever curious. Who wants to see the inside of a jail? The outside is quite enough for most people." The jailer indicates a narrow staircase; we ascend it, and find ourselves upon the roof of the rooms which form the four sides of the rectangular court-yard. A couple of small chambers are the quarters of the jailer and his family. The female portion of it scuttle off; we take a seat at the open window, and open conversation with our host, while he prepares for us the hubble-bubble, which must be offered to every visitor, and never refused. As we sit thus overlooking the court-yard, we observe that the ragged men who are enjoying the warmth of the sun have perceived us; but they do not rise, or move in the least.

"Have you many prisoners?" "Yes, a good many; the harvest was bad, so we are busy." Our host tells us that his salary is but four tomans—about thirty shillings—a month, irregularly paid, and that times are bad. Any great criminal, any rich man, is usually incarcerated in the house of the governor or his farrash-bashi; the prisoners we see are merely rabble, men of nothing; there is no profit attached to them. They have their rations, but what is that? there is little enough to be got out of the rations. "Two loaves a day; why, if I tampered much with their accursed loaves, these sons of burnt fathers would rise and trample me to death. The fact is, I draw rations for sixty prisoners; I have forty-five; but what profit is there in thirty loaves a day? Besides, I have to do the best I can: I have my perquisites." We ascertain that the perquisites consist of the clothes of the prisoners. But do these men surrender their clothes willingly? We are told that they usually do; but if they are obdurate, they have to go into the *khelwut* (the private place). We express our desire to see the *khelwut*. "Certainly, on my eyes, if you wish it! but there is nothing to see, absolutely nothing." At the question whether there are any female prisoners, our informant holds up his hands in horror. "Here, female prisoners? When a woman in Persia misconducts herself, if imprisoned she is simply detained in the house of a priest." "Where are the other prisoners, the ten we do not see?" "In the *khelwut*." We learn that of the ten unfortunates two are determined prison-breakers, three are left for death, and the other five are simply new arrivals; but they will join the bulk of the prisoners "when," as our informant puts it, "they have made me a present of their clothes." We inquire if there are many escapes. "No; they occur seldom—very seldom; and then only the rich—the liberal rich." We infer from this that in Persia a prisoner, if rich and willing to bribe, may escape. We point out that the guard is small, the walls not high, and the prisoners many. "To your feet!" shouts the jailer. The five-and-thirty prisoners stand up, rising, however, slowly. We then see why escapes seldom occur. Each man wears an iron collar, and this is linked to that of his neighbor by a heavy chain of bright iron. We notice, too, that every prisoner has a forked stick two feet long; with this, when sitting, he supports the weight of the chain.

As a rule there is a jail delivery at each new year, and imprisonment for twelve months is regarded as a very severe sentence. The custom is that, except the great criminals, all the prisoners are liberated at the beginning of the new year, *if they have no property*, either with or without an application of the bastinado. A similar clearance takes place on each change of provincial governors. These occasions are much dreaded, for if the new governor wishes to make an example, then six, a dozen, or a score of prisoners may be executed at once. "Murderers only?" "Oh no; murderers, coiners, old offenders, highway robbers, sectaries of the Baab, burglars. Half the prisoners you see are ryots who can't or won't pay their taxes. They are not executed; but otherwise their treatment is the same: are they not *yaghi*?" (*i. e.*, in rebellion). Here a well-dressed man entered the room and sat down. "This gentleman, the Khan, is also a prisoner, but he boards with me: we have an arrangement."

We note that the Khan wears no fetters, and is well dressed. "I wear that at night, though," remarked the Khan, pointing to a huge block of wood with a hole in it to fit the ankle. "Of course, of course," remarked the jailer, politely passing the hubble-bubble to his prisoner. We passed down into the court-yard and inspected the five-and-thirty men who composed the chain-gang. Each man had wrapped rags round his iron collar to prevent its galling him. Some had leg fetters: these, we were informed, were old offenders or notorious prison-breakers. The fetters were heavy, some sets weighing half a hundred-weight, others much more. A large bare room, the only furniture of which were some heavy beams running down the middle, gave accommodation in the form of stocks for fifty prisoners. "We often place a foot or even both feet in this at night if a prisoner is refractory or condemned to death; but we don't use them habitually."



GENERAL GRANT'S DEATH—THE NEWS IN THE FAR WEST.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

At the age of more than one hundred years—he was born in London on the 24th of October, 1784—Sir Moses Montefiore died on the 28th of July, in Ramsgate, England, of congestion of the lungs. His last hours were peaceful and painless, and his body was placed beside that of his wife. His last act of business was to draw a check for the Princess Beatrice, and to dictate a tasteful letter of presentation.

The recent ceremonies incident to the celebration of the centennial anniversary of Sir Moses's birth made known to the world, in a fresh and vivid manner, the leading events of his remarkable career as banker and philanthropist; and among the sketches of his beneficent life was an elaborate one published in this journal, and accompanied by his portrait. So great is the interest of the subject that Mr. Lucien Wolf has prepared a memorial volume, entitled *Sir Moses Montefiore, a Centennial Biography*, and containing, in addition to its portraits and other illustrations, many selections from his letters and journals.

The ancestors of this distinguished Hebrew were for several generations rich bankers, and his own career on the Stock Exchange in London was begun with $6000 lent him by one of his uncles for the purchase of the right to practice as one of the twelve Hebrew brokers licensed by the city. "Always remember," said an old Scottish friend to him, "that it is better to earn a pound than to toss for two," and the young man cherished the admonition when tempted to undue speculation.

His marriage in 1812 with a sister-in-law of the celebrated Nathan Mayer Rothschild, who founded the London house of that name, and a large legacy from his father twelve years later, enabled Sir Moses to take important steps forward, and only one year after his father's death he found himself so rich as to be able to retire from business. "Thank God, and be content," said his wife. He did so, and went with her on a pious pilgrimage to Palestine. From this time on he devoted himself to measures of philanthropic purport, establishing poor-houses in Jerusalem, aiding the oppressed in Roumania, endowing a Hebrew college at Ramsgate, succoring the Polish Jews by persuading the Emperor Nicholas of Russia to suspend the execution of an edict against them, and making himself felt generally as one who loved his fellow-men. He has undoubtedly been more honored than any other Hebrew in this century.

GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, LOOKING NORTH.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 519.]

PENNY-A-LINING.

There is much vague talk about "penny-a-lining," but it is not understood. The provincial reporter is the only English "penny-a-liner" worth considering. Journalism as a trade has not been long known to him before he tries to add to his wages by "penny-a-lining," and he does it in this way. Suppose him on the staff of a provincial paper. There is a "horrible murder" or a "mysterious occurrence" or a "determined suicide" in his neighborhood, and his chance has come. He has the press privilege of sending seventy-five words by telegraph for a shilling before 6 P.M., and a hundred words for that sum after 6 P.M. Selecting, say, seven evening papers, he sends them some seventy-five words apiece; but as the same message can be repeated to different addresses at an extra charge of twopence, the first message costs him one shilling, and the remaining six only another. In other words, his seven telegrams cost him two shillings. While he is still a beginner forcing his way into the trade, it is not by any means likely that all these messages will be accepted. As the average rate of payment, however, is half a crown a paragraph—taking the paragraph as under seventy-five words—he clears expenses though only one paper uses his news; and the chances are that, unless he has fired his bolts without any discrimination, it will be accepted by three or four. At the end of the month he sends in his accounts to all seven papers, charging them for everything he has sent. He is rarely able to see these papers himself, for they may be published some in London, some in Aberdeen, and some in Dublin. He does not know whether his messages have been used, and has to trust entirely to the honesty of the sub-editor at "the other end." The latter is expected to keep note of correspondents' copy used, and so to be able to clear accounts at the end of the month. So far as the dispatch of news to evening papers is concerned, "penny-a-lining" is a phrase that is only roughly applicable. Still, the understanding is that, of the half-crown paid for a paragraph, one shilling is for the expense of telegraphing, and the remainder for the message itself at about a penny a line, the heading being included. Half a crown, of course, is only the average payment. Some papers give a little more, and others less.

When the message is dropped into the waste-paper basket, the reporter is, of course, out of pocket by his transaction, and by the end of his first month's trial he sees that there are certain papers with which he need not attempt to force a connection. He probably wishes to "run" six or seven papers at a time (the experienced penny-a-liner adds to his income from twenty different sources), and accordingly he strikes off those that have disappointed him, and puts others in their place. Thus by cautious experimenting and ruthless weeding he gradually creeps into a connection with half a dozen papers, all inclined to use his "copy." There is rivalry in the trade, of course, and the same news often reaches a paper from different sources; hence the advantage of making one's name familiar to the sub-editor, who gives the preference to the known correspondent over the unknown.

The news for the morning papers is dispatched in two ways. Up to a certain hour, which varies in different places with the railway arrangements, it is sent by rail. With the approach of the small hours this mode of dispatch has to be abandoned, and the telegraph resorted to. The message is now sent in an abbreviated form—not very much abbreviated, but just sufficiently so to make it sometimes unintelligible. Once a penny-a-liner telegraphed an address to the young by Mr. Bright. "My dear little children" occurred so frequently that in writing the speech out in long hand the clerk contracted "children" into "kids." He never thought the sub-editor would let that pass; but unfortunately the latter knew that Mr. Bright was noted for the simplicity of his language, and concluded that "kid" was pure Anglo-Saxon. "My dear little kids" was accordingly allowed the glory of print, and copies of the paper are still preserved as curiosities.

These correspondentships yield the larger part of many reporters' wages, and, like other valuable things, they are not easily got. When a correspondent resigns his post, the paper is generally willing to accept his nominee for the vacancy. This he disposes of to the highest bidder, and £10 is not thought an extravagant price for his "good-will." The purchaser looks forward to being able to clear off the debt from the proceeds of the next determined suicide in high life.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A GOOD THING.

Dr. Adam Miller, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."—[Adv.]

$500 REWARD.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for years made a standing, public offer in all American newspapers of $500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douche," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get $500 in case of failure.—[Adv.]

PRINCE NICOLAS TSHERBATOV,

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One of the gallant poets of France wrote of Mary, Queen of Scots, that her complexion was "clear as a hen's egg with a blush on it," and it is certain Elizabeth was as jealous of Mary's wonderful transparency of complexion as of her claims to the English throne. That lovely but wicked Countess of Essex, who compassed the death of Sir Thomas Overbury, was also noted for her clearness of skin.

The celebrated Irish beauties—the three Misses Gunning—all of whom married dukes, are said to have had complexions so transparent that when they rode over the "Lady's Mile," what was passing around them could be seen in their faces as in a mirror. They left Dublin with a five-pound note and two silk dresses among them to take London by storm, and the wits of the time averred the last words of their father on their leaving were, "Your faces are your fortunes; be virtuous, be modest, and don't be afraid of soap." Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, preserved her charms far beyond middle age, and her lovely complexion to the last. Georgiana was a Whig and a warm partisan of the orator Charles James Fox, for whose sake she permitted one hundred electors to take a gold coin from between her lips with their teeth. This was bribery and kissing at the same time, and Fox was returned at the head of the poll. When asked by the Prince Regent where she obtained the roses and the lilies on her face, the answer was, "Soap furnishes one, your Royal Highness, and water the other."

Our American women of to-day have attained to the perfection of severe Grecian beauty of feature, as the Parisians, those modern Athenians, are willing to testify, and were their complexions as bright as their faces are classic, would throw the English countenances far in the shade. Perhaps Cuticura Soap will aid them in achieving this triumph of art as well as of nature.

Mrs. Virginia Fiske, who died a few months ago in Baltimore, had a beauty strictly American, now recognized as a distinct type. She was acknowledged to be the most fascinating woman at the Tuileries when Napoleon III. was in his glory. The Countess de Castiglione was the belle of Paris before Mrs. Fiske appeared above the horizon.

Madame Mariscal, née Laura Smith, of Baltimore, wife of the Mexican Secretary of State, is an American blonde of the patrician type. She is a more beautiful woman than either Mrs. Langtry or Lady Lonsdale, but, not being professional, her name is not noised abroad so much. She met the Shah of Persia in Paris, in 1859, and so captivated His Majesty with her overpowering beauty that he at once offered to make her second in command among his wives. Declined with thanks. Though she refused his hand in marriage, the lovely American accepted from the successor of Cyrus a highly perfumed paste or soap, used extensively in Persia, the land of roses and sherbets. This soap, until then thought to be used by the ladies of the Shah's harem only, was found, when analyzed, to possess several of the same properties as Cuticura Soap. The perfume of the Eastern *savon de toilette* is more powerful than that of the latter, but not so agreeable. In skimming the cream of American beauty, we must not forget Miss Mary Anderson, who has so completely vanquished the Cockney heart, much to the chagrin of Miss Chamberlain and Mrs. Cornwallis West. Miss Anderson is essentially of the American type. Her complexion is unique and absolutely perfect, and than she no one is more willing to acknowledge that she owes her *spiritual* appearance, in a great measure, to the free use of Cuticura Soap, which has been a favorite with her since it was discovered, or rather *recovered*, from the lumber store of things and arts that have from time to time been lost.

Among other lovely women of face and figure of the purely American type are Miss Van Renssalaer Cruger and Miss Langdon, of New York, both with European reputation. But, in truth, the mention of any American city as containing fair women *par excellence* is invidious when Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco are considered, not forgetting Brooklyn, of the æsthetic in style. It is strangely characteristic of civilized human nature, that it prefers to be considered as having inherited to having made fortunes, and on the same principle to having been born beautiful to having cultivated beauty. This weakness accounts for the few reigning belles to be found as frank as the Duchess of Devonshire and Miss Anderson. That beauty can be cultivated to an extent little dreamed of by those who have heretofore labored only to destroy it, by the use of poisonous washes and powders, is established by the testimony of thousands of beautiful women, who have relied solely upon the Cuticura Soap. Upon this point Dr. Blodgett, a noted authority on the skin, in his recent comparative analyses of skin soaps, says:

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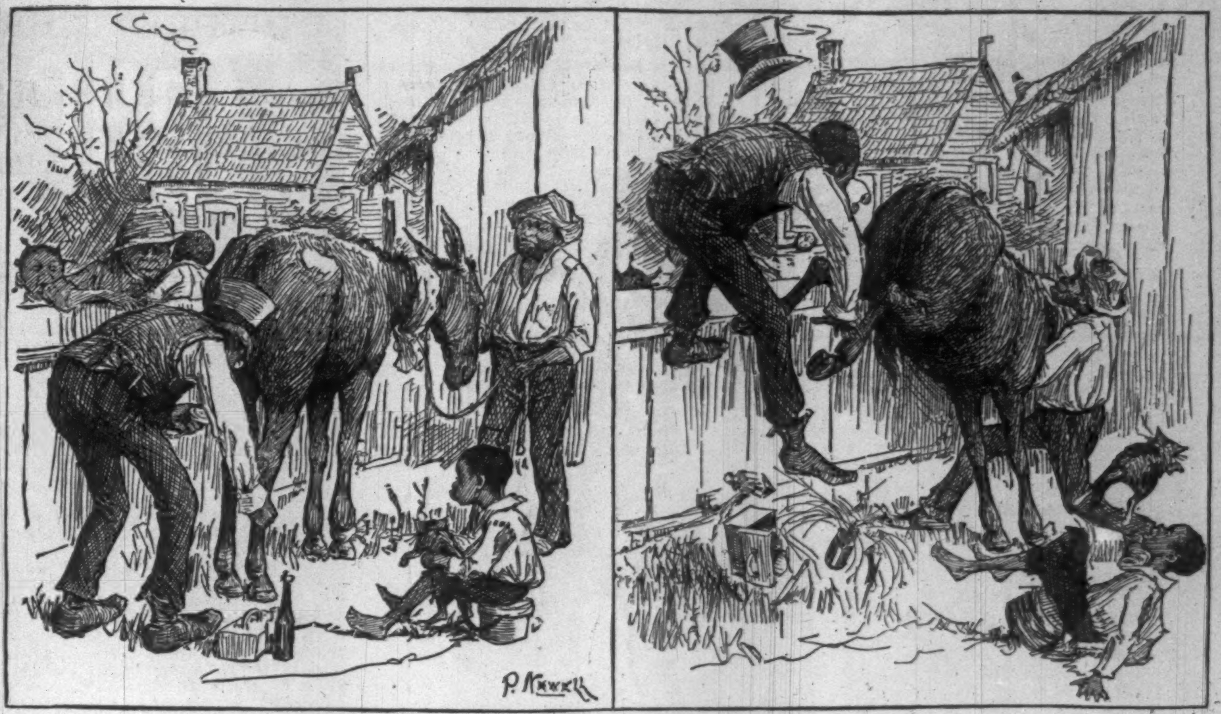

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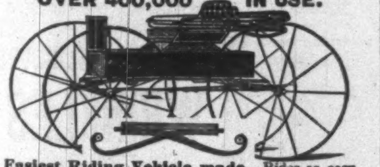

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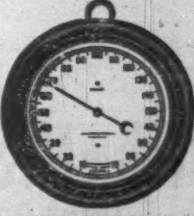

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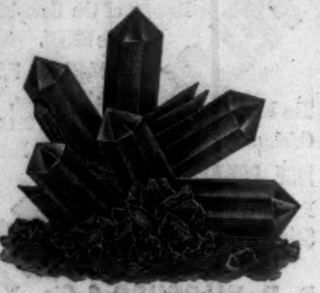

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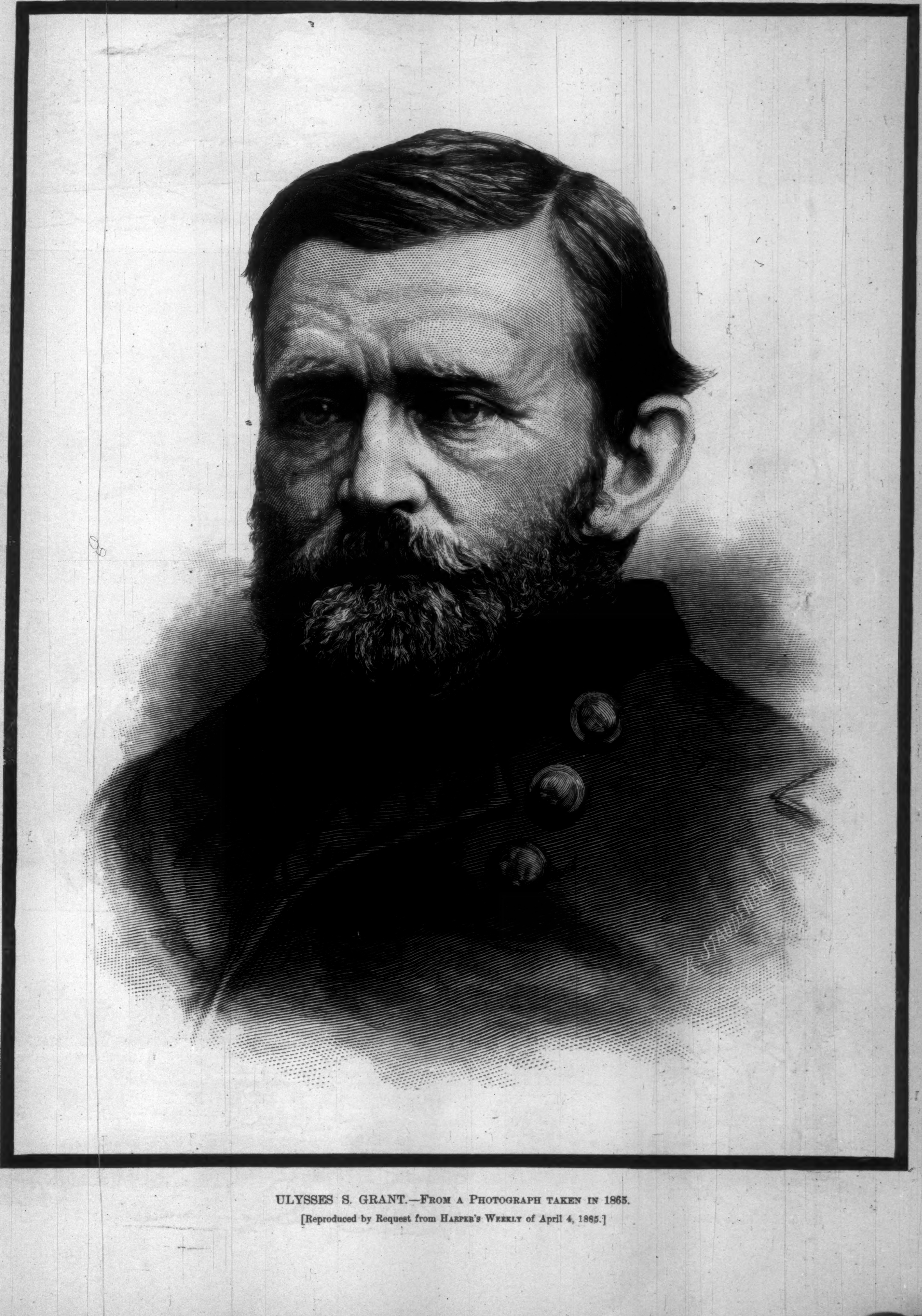
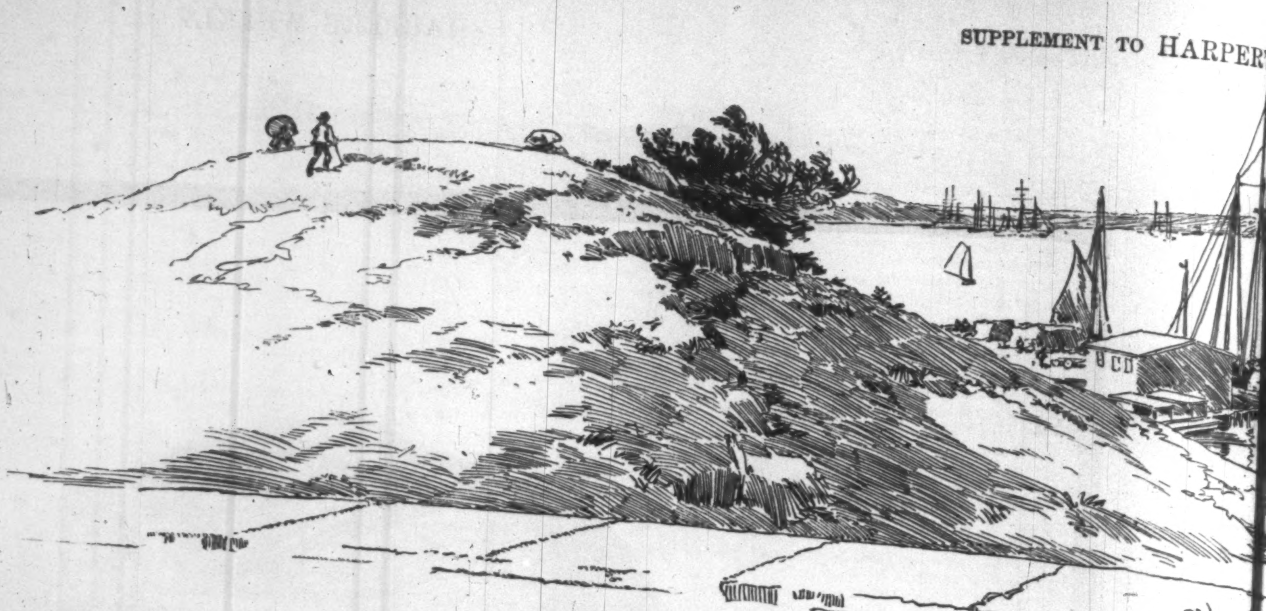


ULYSSES S. GRANT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865.

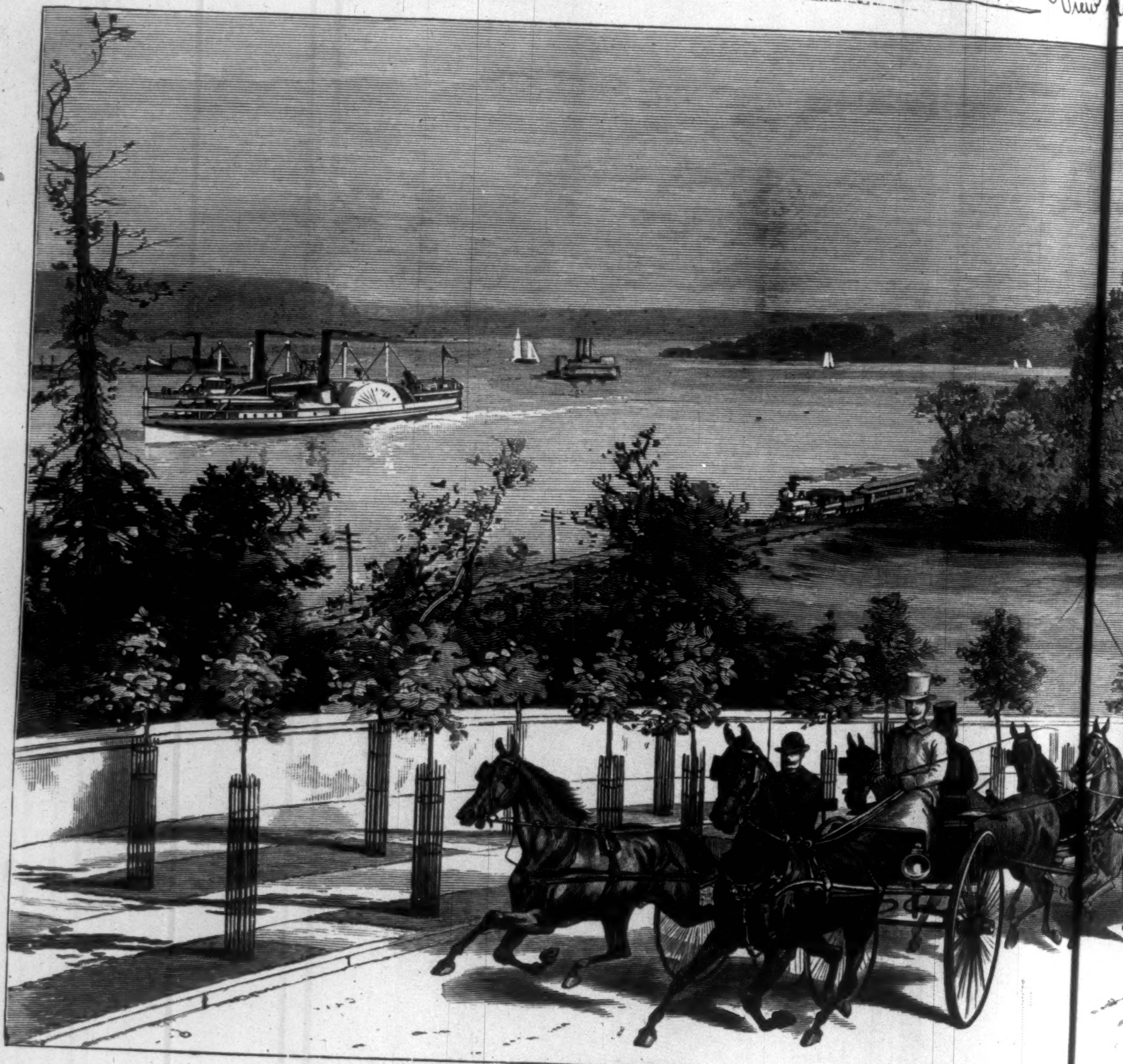
[Reproduced by Request from HARPER'S WEEKLY of April 4, 1885.]

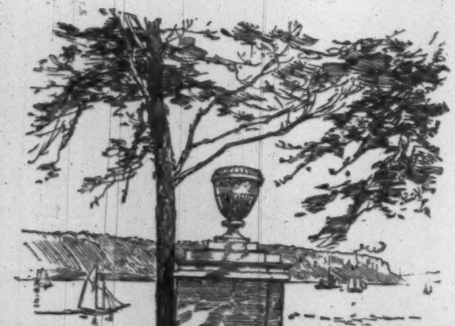
Pathway below the drive.



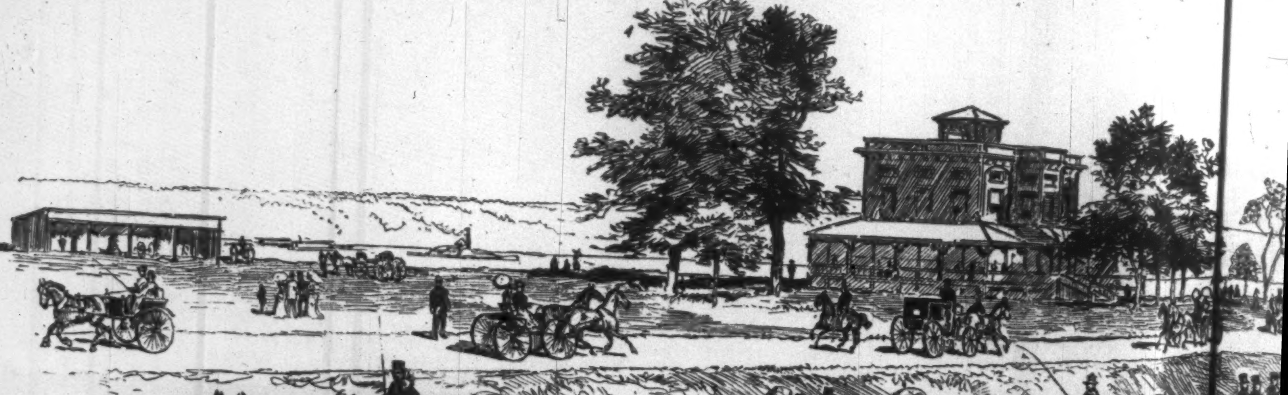
View

Road through the woods.



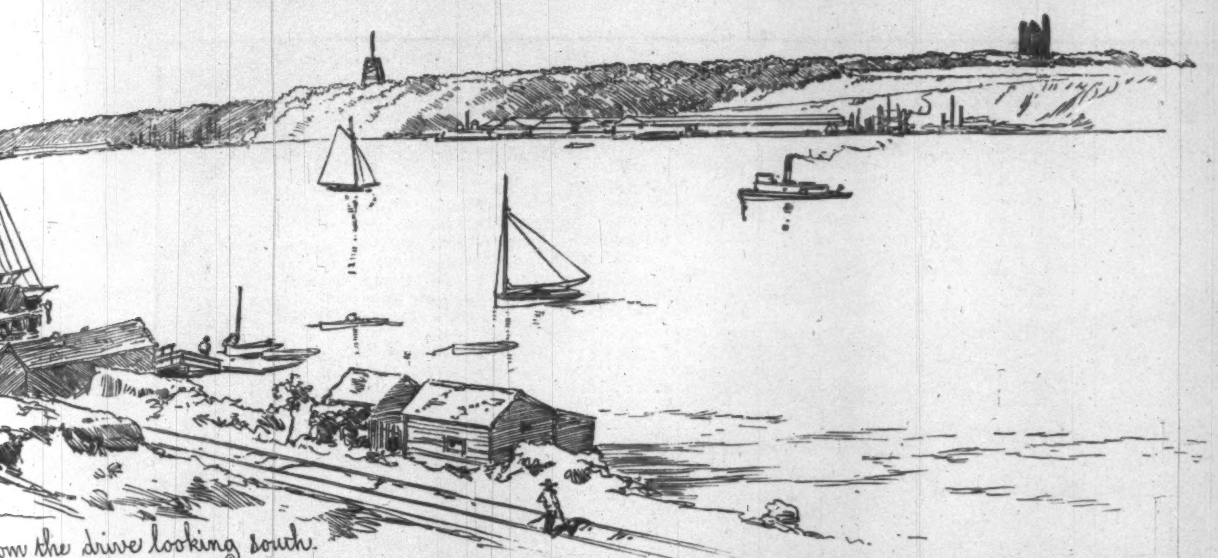


An old tomb near the drive.



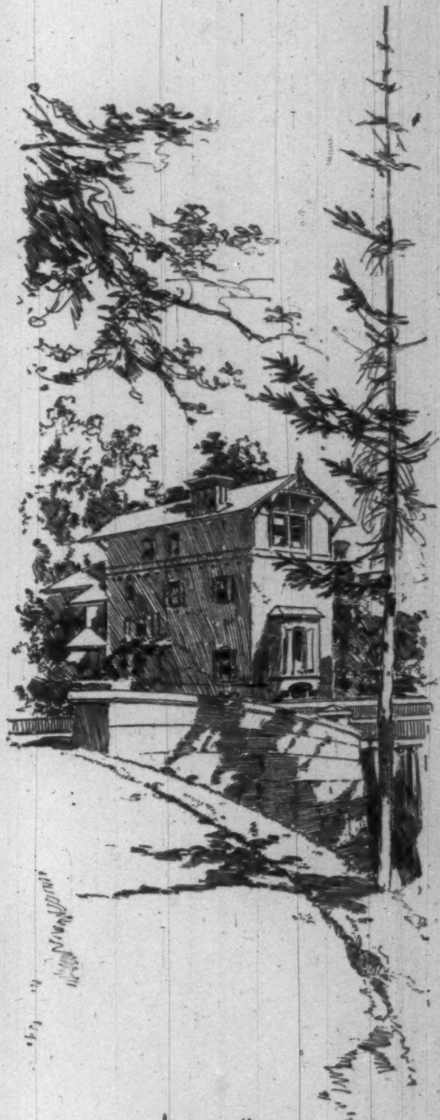
"CLAREMONT," THE SITE OF GENER

RIVERSIDE PARK.—DRAWN BY CHARLE

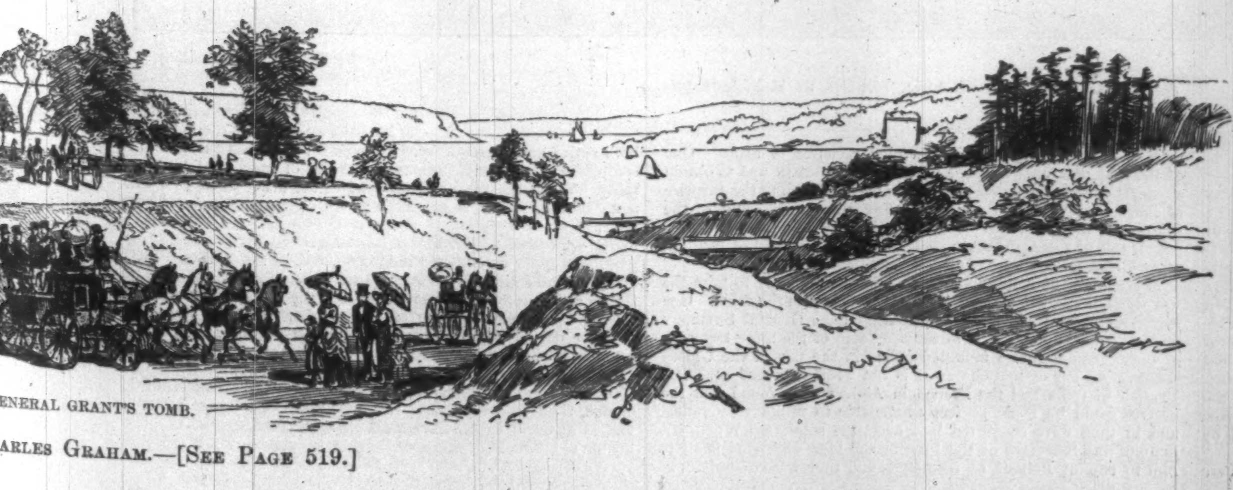


om the drive looking south.

The stairway.



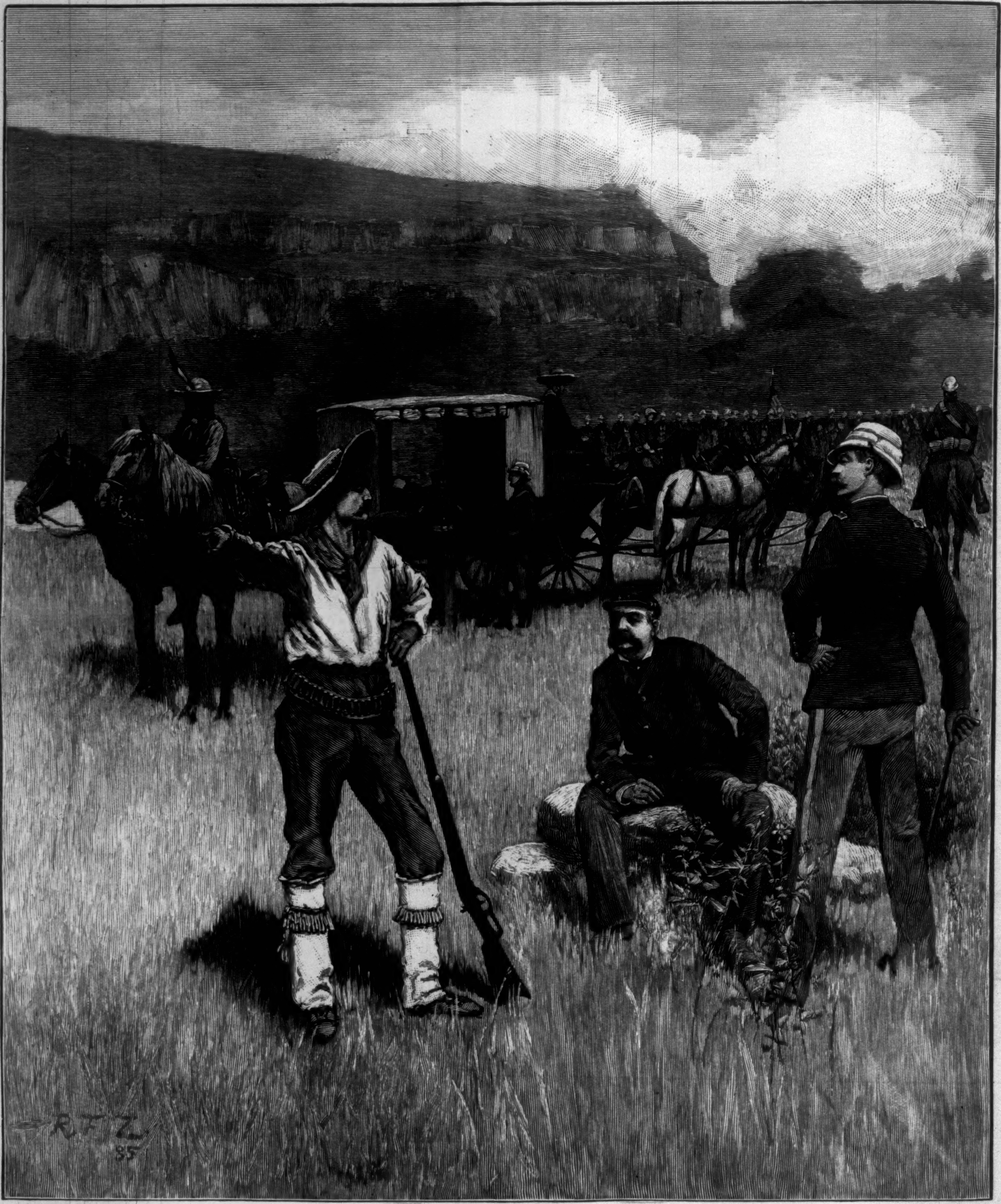
Swiss cottage.



ENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.

A curve on the drive.

ARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 519.]



SHERIDAN ON THE PLAINS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

SHERIDAN IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

General Sheridan, who has succeeded in quieting the troubles in the Cheyenne Reservation, is familiar with the management of Indians. After graduating at West Point, he served in Texas in 1854 and 1855. After the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court-House in 1865, he was appointed to the command of the Department of the Gulf; and the year afterward, having his head-quarters at Fort Leavenworth, the Department of the Missouri was placed under his charge. On the accession of General Grant to the Presidency, with General Sherman at the head of the army, General Sheridan undertook the two arduous campaigns of 1868 and 1869 against the Indians, which resulted in their defeat. Just as soon as rumors took some consistency in regard to troubles with the Cheyennes, General Sheridan hastened to Fort Reno. His presence among the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes has been accompanied by the best results.

From the latest accounts it seems quite certain that there will be no necessity for the dreaded recourse to arms. One of the first measures adopted by General Sheridan was to obtain a census of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes. Much to the surprise of those best versed in Indian matters, the actual count of the Cheyennes was found to be 3377 individuals, not 5000, as supposed, and of the Arrapahoes there were 1300, instead of 2360, as represented.

The rumors of marauding bands of Indians ready to take the war track, it was determined, were at variance with the facts. One suggestion advanced, whether emanating from General Sheridan or not can not be stated, is to convert some of the more tractable of these Indians into a mounted police in the pay of the United States. An act of this character is not without precedent. The English in India and the French in Algiers have found that the natives could be made perfectly amenable to military discipline, and in time were converted into excellent soldiers. When Mr. Schurz was Secretary of the Interior the idea suggested itself to him to employ Indians as teamsters, and they were found to be both active and trustworthy. In such a trip as has just been accomplished by General Sheridan celerity of movement is everything. When the road will allow of it, the army wagon, with its team of four mules, is generally used by general officers. There is very little of the display, pomp, or circumstance of war in such flying expeditions. Information is eagerly sought for, and every passing trapper or cow-boy is interrogated. Staff officers collect all sparse indications as to routes, possibilities of crossing fords, and future camping grounds, and sifting out the facts, make constant reports to the commanding officer. Such trips are by no means pleasure parties, for they tax to the utmost the endurance of the men and their mounts.

General Philip Henry Sheridan, who was born in Perry County, Ohio, and whose distinguished services at Murfreesborough, Chickamauga, Cold Harbor, Fisher Hill, and, above all, whose brilliant victory at Cedar Creek, have made his name familiar with the public as a brave and energetic soldier, is now in his fifty-fourth year.